



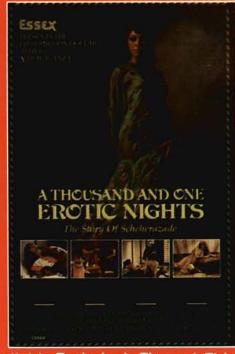


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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



A New Beginning

know a lot of HUSTLER readers are going to be surprised when they see my name and picture on this page instead of Larry Flynt's. That's why I want to get one thing clear from the start. You're going to keep getting everything you expect from HUSTLER Magazine—and a lot more.

In the nearly eight years I've been associated with this publication, I've seen a lot of changes in the magazine business, in the world of politics and in the always-controversial subject of sex. I'm proud to say that HUSTLER has been in the forefront of many of those changes. But one thing is always the same. You, the reader, want what you pay for in a magazine. With HUSTLER you get it.

The reason is simple. I'm committed to giving you what you want. You asked for hotter pictorials, and you're getting them. (Wait till you see what's coming up!) You wanted another Scratch 'n' Sniff centerfold, and you only have to wait until the July issue for that. You want investigative reports that dig beneath the glamorized versions of most media, and we're digging deeper than ever.

Perhaps the most important thing of all is HUSTLER's longstanding tradition of taking firm positions on controversial issues. I'm convinced that if we had been weak in the past on such issues as freedom of speech, you wouldn't have a HUSTLER Magazine to read today. But it's not just for survival that I plan to speak out strongly on this page. It's a question of your expectation as a reader to have somebody speaking up for you in a country whose leaders don't often listen to the people who have made America so great. If you disagree with what I have to say, I'm sure you'll let me know. As always, we will print your letters in our Feedback section.

First and foremost, though, HUSTLER is a sex magazine. Too many publishers of men's magazines try to rationalize or deny the fact that the main purpose is to give you pleasure. I know that it is.

The world doesn't hold still, the magazine business doesn't hold still, and you don't hold still. As the publisher, I promise you that HUSTLER will keep forging ahead toward bigger and better rewards for your loyal support over the years. We've made our mark, but I'm not satisfied. If you think people have been talking a lot about what HUSTLER has been doing, wait till you hear what they'll have to say in the coming months! —ALTHEA FLYNT Publisher, Chairman of the Board & Editor



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered physical, sexual or emotional abuse and neglect (many cases go unreported). At least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths. And if you think child abuse is confined to any particular race, religion, income group or social stratum, you're wrong. It's

everybody's problem.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Child abuse doesn't have to happen. Eighty percent of all abusers could be helped, with your help. Your community needs your aid in forming crisis centers, self-help programs for abusers, and other grass roots organizations. Please. Please write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

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We need your help. Write:

National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

ong before human rights became a popular issue, HUSTLER was fighting the battle against those who would maim, torture and kill in the name of politics or religion. Few of us realize it, but for millions of people, torture is a daily fact of life. While many magazines attempt to gloss over the truth, HUSTLER faces the tragic and terrifying straight-on. In an effort to shine an illuminating spotlight Rieva Lesonsky

on this terrible injustice, the May issue brings you a number of previously unpublished photos (many smuggled out of China) that illustrate the horrors of TORTURE: MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN. Accompanying them is a revealing mini-report penned by Articles Editor RICHARD WARREN LEWIS.

Insanity of a different sort breaks loose when

one of rock music's most durable legends, the "Motor City Madman," leaps onstage. Our exhilarating interview this month, TED NUGENT: ROCK 'N' ROLL KING GIVES THE LOWDOWN ON SUPERSTARDOM, deals with a man who has just about done it all. This no-holds-barred talk-conducted by FRED SCHRUERS - transports you behind the scenes for a look at the drugs, the groupies, and Roger Bergendorff

the concerts where scores of girls literally lose control of themselves. But more than that, you'll learn about the highly opinionated man behind the music-an accomplished marksman who has no hesitation about using his skills with a gun. An eminently qualified journalist, Schruers is appearing in HUSTLER for the first time. He has written for the Washing-

ton Post and the New York Daily News, and he's also a contributing editor at Rolling Stone. His interviews with music celebrities include Linda Ronstadt, John Travolta and Billy Joel. The companion artwork was provided by the talented PAT DUNN, a regular HUSTLER, CHIC and GEN-TLEMAN'S COMPANION contributor. Recently he was commissioned to illustrate a movie



poster for the Warner Brothers suspense thriller Eyes of a Stranger.

Another kind of flamboyant gunman is featured in this month's fiction, MAYDAY ON FLIGHT 101. This fast-paced story of a crafty "crippled" skyjacker whose well-plotted plan takes a surprising twist was written by J. R. REGIS. A writer, producer and director of several radio and television commercials, Regis wrote our December 1981 short story, KEEPER OF THE FLAME and is presently

hard at work on a comedic screenplay (in the same vein as Airplane) about the end of the world. The breathtaking illustration was rendered by ROGER BERGENDORFF, a veteran HUSTLER contributor. Readers will remember Bergendorff's outstanding artwork for our February fiction, The Shark.

On the lighter side, one of life's more-pleasant pursuits Fred Schruers that continues to enjoy phe-

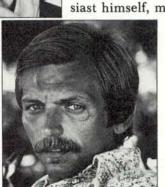
nomenal popularity is motorcycles. In ES-CAPE FROM THE CITY: HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO THE HOT NEW MOTORCY-CLES, author DAVID BARRY gives a machine-by-machine description of the dream wheels that are designed to transport you to highway heaven. Barry, who is a cycle enthusiast himself, makes his HUSTLER debut with

this intriguing look at a vehicle that symbolizes a way of life more than mere transportation. Although new to our pages, Barry has been published in Rolling Stone, New West (now California) and Oui magazines. The accompanying photoillustration is by longtime HUSTLER Contributing Photographer LADI VON JANSKY.

This month's Sex Play is a comprehensive guide that explains what children should

know about sex-and when. Research Director RIEVA LESONSKY's SEX EDUCA-TION: WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW offers a healthy, helpful set of guidelines that every parent can follow.

From cruel realities to wonderful pleasures including the most beautiful women in existence-we've compiled an issue that encounters the world as it really is. Now it's up to you to make it a close encounter.





★PUBLIC NOTICE★

MAGAZINE

IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT FOR OUR 8TH ANNIVERSARY, THE JULY ISSUE (COMING OUT MAY 25TH) WILL HAVE A

BONUS: NUDE CELEBRITY!

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Eskimo Ecstasy: I have to hand it to you for your February covergirl and centerfold, *Nora: North Pole Princess* (top photo). She's your hottest Honey yet. Anybody who wouldn't eat that sweet Eskimo pie is fucking nuts!

-Bill Feilmeier Asheville, North Carolina

Your cover pic and centerfold of Nora: North Pole Princess is too much. She's the most beautiful person ever. God outdid himself when He made her. I've dreamed of Nora twice and will keep Matti Klatt's fine photographs of her with me forever.

-Name and Address Withheld by Request

It's No Joke! I loved the cartoon on page 77 of your February issue that showed God watching television and sending an angel to Earth to tell Jerry Falwell to "get off his power trip!" (center). Someone really ought to kick "Fartwell" and his "Morbid Majority" right in their honkie asses.

—James M. Spalding Anchorage, Alaska

Soap Fan: March's Exclusive! TV Soap-Opera Stars Nude! with Patty Weaver was super (bottom photo). I don't watch Days of Our Lives anymore, but I do remember Patty playing the part of Trish Banning. After seeing her naked, I feel like a Peeping Tom. I love it!

March's photo-layouts were also a real turn-on, particularly Julie: Dressed to Please. Your photography is improving. Over the past few years, the color in HUSTLER's photo-sets has been too brilliant. I'm glad to see a return to more-natural tones.

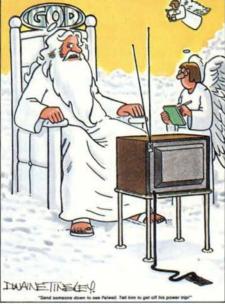
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The Dirt on Kaddafi: I'd like to compliment HUSTLER on its February Asshole of the Month, Muammar Kaddafi. It's a shame that the peaceloving, Godfearing publisher of HUSTLER gets gunned down, but Assholes like Colonel Kaddafi and the Ayatollah Khomeini go unscathed. Larry Flynt is an advocate of freedom and the First Amendment, not a supporter of international terrorism like those other Assholes. But let those guys have their fun. The day will come when they rub too much dirt into the tolerant face of our nation. Then it will be too late for them to turn back!

-M. F. G. Kenosha, Wisconsin

In February's Asshole of the Month you







called Muammar Kaddafi a great many names. But you left out a few that in all fairness he deserves. They are: patriot, social reformer and defender of Islam.

> -Bill Rush Las Vegas, Nevada

Infection Information: Outstanding! That's the first word that came to my mind while reading your very fine and well-documented Sex Play, "How Vaginal Infections Affect Men" (February). Being a medic in the U.S. Army, I encounter some form of communicable disease almost every day. Sex and erotica wouldn't be considered so "dirty" by many people if they took the time to read educational articles such as your Sex Play. We need more people like Francesca Porter who know how to get ideas across and inform people about what's going on. - Pfc. Robert M. Hill II Fort Benning, Georgia

Straight From the Gut: I was shocked, amazed, disgusted and repulsed by Leah Wallach's incredible revelations in Contaminated Food: How Much Can America Stomach?, in the March issue.

It's truly disheartening to discover that so much time and serious effort put into the research of harmful substances in our food gets wasted. Between lack of interest and Big Business, all that research may never be put to use. Ms. Wallach's article made me so much aware of what I eat. I'm very interested in obtaining a copy of the FDA's consumer report she mentioned. Can you tell me where to write for information?

-Jeanne Brannick Forked River, New Jersey

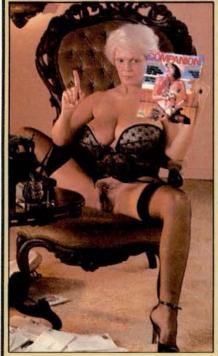
FDA Consumer is the official magazine of the Food and Drug Administration. Subscriptions cost \$12 per year, and orders should be made payable to: Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

Your March article, Contaminated Food: How Much Can America Stomach?, made me mad as hell at the FDA. How can our government tell us it's looking after our health and safety when it allows "specific amounts" of shit in the food we eat! On the very day this letter is mailed to you, another will be on its way to the FDA with a huge chunk of my mind in it.

—Tricia Ginsburg San Diego, California

Violent Society: When I saw Ladi von Jansky's photograph for Bruce Henderson's November 1981 article, Abuse of the Elderly: How Children Brutalize Their





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Parents, I thought it was merely a ploy to attract the reader's attention. The photo showed a young woman with hammer in hand ready to swing at an old man chained on a toilet seat. I was shocked to read on and find that such an attack really took place, and that the bitch responsible told the police: "I worked him over real good with the hammer . . . then watched television for a while." I wonder if she got probation and psychiatric care like that other asshole, Jack, who beat his disabled 78year-old mother, Violet Dean?

If Jack were my brother and Violet Dean my mother, Jack would be wearing his ass on his shoulder with his head propped on top. -Edward G. Armenta

Folsom State Prison Folsom, California

Regarding your article Abuse of the Elderly (November 1981), I'd say that child abuse and parent abuse both have reached epidemic proportions. Who gives these crazy people the justification to beat up little kids and old folks? I'll tell you who: people of Jerry Falwell's stripe, who say sex is bad, but don't speak out against child abuse.

—Oscar L. Cline Atlanta, Georgia

Guardian Angels: I was really impressed by your article The Guardian Angels: Can They Help Clean Up Crime? (December 1981). I live in Nova Scotia, and I think the Guardian Angels should give some thought to fighting crime in major Canadian cities. After all, street violence is on the rise here as well as in the United States. -F. R. Resslec Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada

Race Disgrace: I'd like to respond to Robert Johnson's comments under the heading "Racial Powder Keg" in the December 1981 Feedback. Mr. Johnson, you claim that whites taught blacks everything they know. That simply isn't true. Before your people came to Africa, blacks smelted copper in Tanzania and iron in Nigeria. They had institutions of higher learning, such as the University of Sanhore, and bore the true father of medicine, Imhotep, a "black Egyptian" who diagnosed and treated hundreds of diseases two centuries before Hippocrates was born. Aesop, the famed "white" storyteller, was actually a 6th-century Samion black.

I've been to Africa and never seen black people "swing from trees," as Johnson claimed. The only time I've seen someone swing from trees was on TV. It was Tarzan, and he was white.

When the going gets tough, Mr. Johnson, you blame and kill off the minorities: first the Indians, now blacks and Chicanos. And if we weren't here, you'd be after the Jews. You and your kind are insecure and uneducated. You'll stay that way until the media-HUSTLER included-make an effort to reeducate you. Maybe someday you and people like you will kill each other off. Then this will be a better world in which to live. -William Wright Phoenix, Illinois

Photo Suggestions: Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't know of a HUSTLER issue that has featured the truly unusual, fat female figure. I'm one of a large number of guys who really appreciate blubbery, flabby women. It seems to me that a pictorial-layout of one or more grossly obese female bodies would be a natural for HUSTLER. You might even consider a middle-aged or -Roy V. Childs older woman. Redmond, Washington

The August issue of HUSTLER will have the biggest, fattest centerfold in history. You will love it! Also, our September issue may be running a 60-year-old centerfold.

I found your special magazine HUSTLER & CHIC PRESENT LOVERS very enjoyable, especially the photospread Male for Sale, which showed a beautiful older woman with a young stud. I find that lady intriguing, alluring and absolutely stunning. I've always had a hankering for the more-mature woman, but this one's in a class all by herself. I'd love to see her again.

-Name and Address Withheld by Request

The May issue of GENTLEMAN'S COM-PANION is running 12 pages of that luscious older woman. She is also featured regularly in GC with her Dear Granny column, which is like HUSTLER's Advise & Consent ... only very naughty.

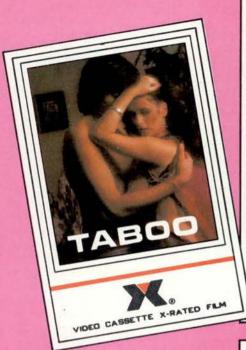
My girlfriend and I would like to see more photo-layouts of heterosexual couples. We're tired of lesbians. Many men and women look at magazines together for a great turn-on, but it's hard for the woman to get excited watching lesbian couples in practically every scene.

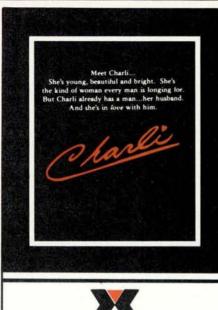
> -Johnnie Livingston Newberry, South Carolina

Obviously you have not been really looking at all of HUSTLER. Not only HUSTLER, but CHIC Magazine runs a heterosexual couple every month. And they do indeed get down!

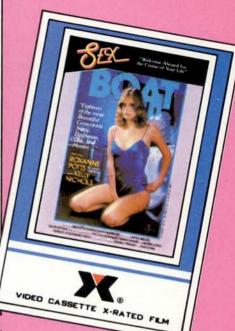
I wish you'd stop showing pictures of animals in various stages of sexual arousal in Beaver Hunt. Why don't you

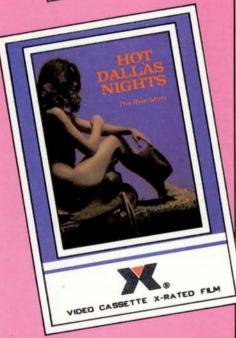
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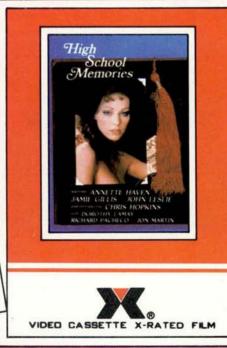


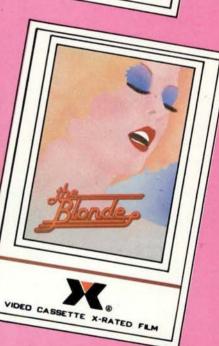












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substitute another "One for the Ladies"-preferably a well-hung stud with a hard-on. Even Playgirl has started featuring male centerfolds with erect -Kim Hanneson cocks.

Unionville, Ontario, Canada

We save our erections for the boy-girl photofeatures we publish. Running animals in Beaver Hunt started as a joke, but became so popular with readers and Beaver Hunt submitters that we kept it up.

HUSTLER always seems to have the prettiest models posing for its magazine. But I'd really like to see Charlene Tilton-Lucy on the television show Dallas - in a knockout photo-spread.

—Name and Address Withheld by Request

Then be sure to vote for Charlene in our annual reader poll of the ten most desirable ladies. We offer the top ten vote-getters \$1 million to show pink for HUSTLER. We run a ballot in our February issue, and the ten most desirable are announced in the September issue.

I read that porn star Seka has had a breast job. On behalf of all her fans, could you run a photo-spread of her?

> —D. Cote Holyoke, Massachusetts

We already did! Seka appeared in the August 1979 issue of our sister publication CHIC. To order that particular copy, send \$5 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

- Jean Elliott imagination. La Salle, Illinois

We already did just that! Alicia: Shaping Up in our June 1980 issue may "work out for you. Just fill out the back-issues form on page 4. We hear that Alicia appears in men's locker rooms from coast to coast.

Publisher's Statement: Every once in a while I read Larry Flynt's Publisher's Statement. I often agree with his views. As a veteran of Vietnam, I know what Mr. Flynt's talking about. The people in power really seem to know how to kill off freedom. -Michael T. Coveney Bath, New York

In reference to your December 1981 Publisher's Statement, "It's in the Book,"

As a long and steady HUSTLER reader, I'm surprised that you haven't run a photo-set shot in a bodybuilding gym. The machines could lend themselves to a really wild set of pictures, and, of course, the whirlpool and saunas would leave room for even more

about the hypocrisy of religious moralist Jerry Falwell, I humbly offer my views of God. The only real sin is self-will versus God. That can result in a hell we create and live in on Earth or in the spiritual life. The only way out of hell is forgiving yourself and others. Mr. Flynt, you are an image of God. You are doomed to perfection as we all are.

-Bill Pattillo Houston, Texas

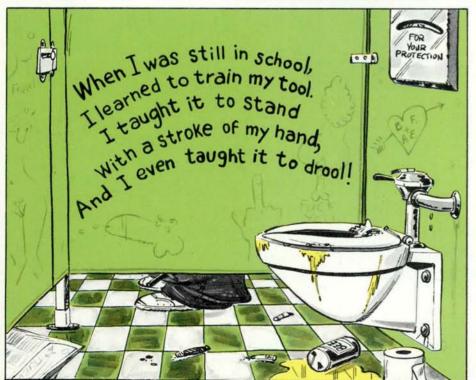
Religious Feedback: Your January Feedback section had two anonymous letters from religious fanatics criticizing HUSTLER. It seems that only minor religions (meaning Judeo-Christianity) have a perverted idea of sex. Most major religions accept the reality of human needs, whereas Judeo-Christianity controls people by making them afraid to have normal emotions. Rape, homosexuality, etc., are caused by classifying normal emotions as dirty and

Having sex or masturbating to men's magazines doesn't cause perversion. Studies have proved pornography and prostitution greatly reduce the incidence of rape and other sex crimes. Judeo-Christianity is a hideous, perverted blight on the human race. It is the fairy book called the Bible that should be banned and burned. Religious perverts should be imprisoned for inflicting their gross, asinine beliefs on everyone else. Sign my name. I'm not ashamed of my opinions as are so many of the religious nuts who write to HUSTLER. -Gary Insley Springfield, Ohio

Price Is Right? I've been subscribing to one of your competitors for over two years. Recently I've had the opportunity to examine your magazine and found it interesting and well done. I was going to subscribe, and still might, but I noticed your cost is 25% more than the others. Why? Did I miss something?

> -R. Kieffe Bakersfield, California

It costs money to run a lot of color photographs in a magazine, and if you notice, all Larry Flynt Publications-HUSTLER, CHIC and GENTLEMAN'S COMPAN-ION-have many pages of quite a few different girls. And not little pictures either. All costs are going up, and we don't have big. national advertisers to help defray our costs. Advertisers have a say in what is printed, and we must be honest with our readers. whether we're reporting on cancer and cigarettes, or on alcohol and drunk driving killing innocent people and the driver. We must be loyal to our readers . . . not to the big bucks from advertisers.



THANKS AND \$ 25 TO K.S., WINNEBAGO, WI

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

Representing the possible beginning of tougher rape sentences, a Louisiana judge sentenced a convicted rapist to life without parole (his 21st life sentence), plus an additional 163 years. Jon Berry Simonis, 30, known as the "Ski Mask Rapist," has confessed to 81 crimes in 12 states, many of them involving rape or other sexual violations. His total prison time is now 2,681 years, not counting his life sentences. Said District Attorney Gregg Arnette, "He would be a candidate for frying, I guarantee it, but unfortunately, the death penalty no longer applies on these crimes."

Sexy movies in China are just going too far, say Ministry of Culture critics. In one recent film a man and woman were actually shown kissing. Chen Bo, head of the Chinese Ministry of Culture's film bureau, accused his country's moviemakers of "introducing vulgar romance" to imitate foreign films and attract bigger audiences. Scenes in which young men and women chase each other along the surf or through a forest were found "unacceptably suggestive" by Chen.

A combination of two prescription medications has become the drug of choice among addicts who can't afford heroin. The Drug Enforcement Administration says the painkiller Talwin and an antihistamine called Pyribenzamine together produce a high similar to that of heroin--along with some of the drug's side effects. This combination of drugs is commonly referred to on the street as "Tops & Bottoms" or "Teddies & Bettys" (not to be confused with "loads," the combination of the drugs doriden and codeine). T&B overdoses can cause seizures, brain infections and even strokes, says Dr. Louis Caplan. He adds, "There's no doubt the combination can wreck the human brain." DEA official Gene Haslip says his agency has been trying since 1974 to restrict the sale of Talwin--usually prescribed for arthritis--but manufacturers have convinced the Food and Drug Administration to keep it on the market.

Women between the ages of 20 and 50 make up the largest group of American shoplifters, aside from teenagers, the "Ladies' Home Journal" reports. Many of these shoplifters are well-off and are stealing because of unsatisfied sexual desires. Dr. Abe Fenster of John Jay College of Criminal Justice in New York City says, "Often, women tend to steal frivolous luxury items, the sort of thing they might receive from a lover."

Japan's capsule hotel rooms, those tiny plastic sleeping quarters resembling laundromat dryers, may soon be used for another purpose: to deter homosexual attacks in American prisons. A Houston, Texas, company is interested in importing the Japanese-made mini-hotels to curtail prisoner assaults. The rooms are basically enclosed bunks measuring 3' X 6', with their own locks, televisions and radios. Also, the U.S. Army is reportedly interested in the capsule rooms as sleeping bunks in armed vehicles such as tanks.

The stereotype of venereal-disease sufferers as poor and lower-class is way off, say officials of the Venereal Disease Hotline. According to a report in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," the average VD-hotline caller is $26\frac{1}{2}$ years old and has a college education.

Congressman Jerry Solomon (R-New York) disclosed that the Library of Congress spends \$100,000 of our taxes each year to reproduce a braille edition of "Playboy" without pictures.

Despite a "no kissing" policy onboard the Navy's USS Yellowstone, 23 of 100 female crew members got pregnant last year, says the ship's commanding officer, Captain John Campbell. Most of these pregnancies are believed to have resulted from joint shore leaves. The surest way to break up shipboard romances seems to be pregnancy, since pregnant women are transferred ashore, where there are better medical facilities.

1 MILLION GROSS SALES IN SEVEN MONTHS \$100,000 GROSS SALES IN ONE WEEK

\$13,500 CASH FROM ONE ORDER

ONE AD RUN THREE TIMES DID ALL OF THIS

Hi, my name is Tony Lamb, I'm 32 years old. I worked for twelve years in an auto factory. I never made more than \$25,000 per year, and that was with a lot of overtime. Then one day I realized I wasn't going to get rich in the shops. So I started searching for something to make me my fortune. I didn't have much money to invest so I fell for a lot of get rich schemes. The more involved I got with shoe string business, the more it became a hobby, and the hobby became an obsession. To find the ultimate put-take ratio shoe string business, that is minimum start-up capital to maximum profit and potential, it took me ten years of searching and trial and error effort; but I finally found the ultimate business. This business has nothing to do with selling real estate, vehicles, chain letters or any kind of a scam. This is a legitimate business, and no door-to-door selling.

To get started when I discovered this business, I sold my motorcycle for \$1,200.00 and took out a loan for \$900.00 at 24% interest. I was in this business for four months and made a number of mistakes that slowed me down. But at the time I incorporated I had \$30,000.00 worth of equipment, inventory and cash on hand. With one ad, 1/3 page, black and white, run in one magazine for three months, was \$1,049,897.83. Actual cash on hand in the business checkbook at that time was \$480,000.00 plus.

I will show you how to start up with just \$100.00 or less, and build your business from there. I will show step by step how I did it. Avoiding the pitfalls, and some options you have. I started my business in my basement at home. Now I have several employees who help run the business. This is one of the few businesses where your customers are happy to buy your products.

I will show you how you can operate as a mail order business, out of your home, out of a store or mailorder with a store. I've been in the mail order business for seven years, and I've sold many things by classified, display and radio ads, but nothing compares with this business. It's simple, easy, a fantastic money-maker, and you need no special schooling or training.

This may sound like a get-rich-quick scheme, it's exactly that without the scheme. It will take some work, at least until you get some money coming in to hire help. There are people in this business who have made five times, ten times and more than what I made. Believe me they don't want you to know how easy it really is. With the kind of money you can make in this business, you're only limited by your imagination of how far you can go. I will show you products you can add to your product line. Your profit can run as high as 1000% or more, as many others have done successfully.

I will show you this million-dollar-a-year business you can run out of your home. I will show you how to start your business right from the beginning with the picking of a business name and registering it. How to set up a business checking account and how to comply with government red tape easily. The advantages and disadvantages of incorporating verses sole proprietorship and partnerships. Included in this information will be names and addresses with phone numbers of suppliers of the products with some of the best prices available.

A new millionaire is made every 60 seconds. I used to find that fact hard to believe and even harder to believe that I could be one of them. But I did it and it only took seven months with this business. There is no other information anywhere on this business. For the price of a meal, \$9.95, plus \$1.50 postage and handling, I will show you everything I've mentioned and more.

I guarantee you will make money with or without advertising. I have such faith in this business that I guarantee your full investment of \$11.45 returned on your first sale, and I will even guarantee you get a first customer the day your inventory arrives if you follow our simple start-up procedure. If not, simply return all material for a full refund.

COMPILED INCOME STATEMENT October 1, 1980 - April 30, 1981

INCOME	MONTH OF	APRII.	YEAR TO DATE		
Sales - Out of State	\$265,728.57	98.9%	\$	1,019,954.89	97.1%
Sales - Wholesale	.00	.0		114.00	.0
Sales - Retail	2.950.00	1.1		21,893.77	2.1
Postage and Handling	310.34	.1		9,605.30	.9
Refunds	371.50		_	1,670.13	2
TOTAL INCOME	\$268,617.41	100.0%	\$	1,049,897.83	100.0%
COST OF SALES					
Purchases - Product	\$138,152.38	51.4%	\$	574,878.25	54.8%
Purchases - Packaging	295.05	.1		2,157.90	.2
Sales Tax	111.47	0	-	752.05	1
TOTAL COST OF SALE	S \$138,558.90	51.6%	\$	577,788.20	55.0%
GROSS PROFIT	\$130,058.51	48.4%	\$	472,109.63	45.0%

The sales shown above accurately reflect the actual deposits into the bank account for the period October 1, 1980 to April 30, 1981.

Richard G. Shade Certified Public Account Lewis & Knopf, Associates

Luchara & Shape

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©1981 (Citrus Heis	ghts, CA 956

PLEASE PRINT LEGIRLY



Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Rieva Lesonsky

Vasectomy Safety: I had a vasectomy eight years ago and have never had any problems, mentally or physically. But I've heard a lot of rumors lately about possible side effects involving the heart. Is this something I should worry about? — J. P.

Hornell, New York

Recent experiments with monkeys have shown a link between the animals that had vasectomies and the development of arteriosclerosis, hardening of the arteries around the heart. Monkeys that had undergone the operation had a higher incidence of heart disease than uncut monkeys.

Medical researchers don't know if this same side effect of vasectomies will be seen in humans. At the present time, research is under way at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development in Bethesda, Maryland. This research is at a very early stage and-like most studies of this kind-is very speculative. The connection between heart disease and vasectomies in monkeys could be absolutely meaningless as far as humans are concerned, or it could be an important discovery. We'll just have to wait to find out. HUSTLER will report developments as they occur.

Tingling Hands: Sometimes after my wife and I make love, my hands start to tingle. After a while the feeling disappears, but it's a weird sensation. What's causing this? -L. J. Eureka, California

After a full round of sex, you may be breathing quickly, causing your carbon-dioxide level to drop in your bloodstream. This produces the tingle you've been experiencing. Dr. Ronald Dennett, director of the General Medical Clinic at New York's Montefiore Hospital and Medical Center, says this occurrencehyperventilation-arises when a person is under stress or feeling anxious. If the tingle doesn't stop, breathe into a paper bag for one minute. Breathing exhaled air sends more carbon dioxide back into the body.

Crying Relief: My girlfriend cries a lot, sometimes-it seems-for no reason at all. But she says that she always feels

better when she's through and that I should try it instead of bottling up my emotions. I was brought up to believe that real men don't cry, even though there are times I feel like it. -K. S. Houston, Texas

You're behind the times; more people than ever think it's healthy to shed a few tears. Now scientists even believe tears actually can physically remove stress from the body. Dr. William Frey II, director of Psychiatry Research Laboratories of the St. Paul-Ramsey Medical Center in Minnesota, says tears can rid the body of some biochemicals produced under stressful conditions. Dr. Frey claims that tears cried out of emotion are chemically different than those shed while peeling onions.

According to studies conducted by Dr. Frey, women cry an average of six times a month; most men cry once a month, if at all. If Dr. Frey's theory is correct, men who are vulnerable to stress could be healthier if they'd only shed a few tears to help rebalance their body chemistry. So the next time you feel like crying, go ahead and do it. You'll feel better!

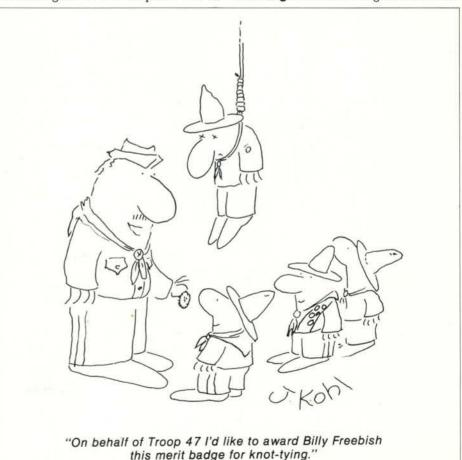
Sex and Pregnancy: My wife is expecting our first child in about four months. Can we have sex up until the time she goes to the hospital? We've read different arguments, both for and against the practice of sex during the last months of pregnancy. What's the latest opinion?

Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Many doctors feel that abstaining from sex in the last few months of pregnancy may be better for the unborn child. Most deaths of newborns result from an infection contracted while floating in the womb. Some doctors believe that either an element in the semen, or the sex act itself, introduces bacteria into the uterus. In fact, one recent study of more than 25,000 pregnant women showed that those who had intercourse at least once a week during their ninth month were more likely to give birth to babies with serious infections.

Another concern of physicians is that a woman's body movements during sex might not be healthy for the unborn child. Some studies have indicated that uterine contractions accompanying orgasm can lead to premature labor and delivery. Depending on a number of factors, abstinence may be recommended starting from the sixth month of a woman's pregnancy. Your wife's doctor can advise the two of you as to when it's best to discontinue having intercourse and when to resume after the birth of your child.

Blowing Air: Is it dangerous to blow



air into a guy's penis? What about a woman's cunt? My wife has been blowing into my cock, and I'd like to return the favor. She says that it's safe for a man to be blown into, but it's not for a woman. Is this really so?

New York, New York

It isn't wise for you to blow air into your wife's vagina, but it's also not a very good idea for her to blow into your penis. In theory, a gentle puff into the penis would probably not do any harm, but a forceful blow could damage tissue linings. Since during the throes of passionate sex it might be difficult to control the amount of air blown, it's best for women to refrain from this activity at all.

It is much riskier to blow into a woman's vagina. At the top of the vagina the cervix contains many blood vessels. Blowing air in there could cause an air bubble to be absorbed into the bloodstream, where it could prove dangerous or even fatal if it reached the brain.

We recommend confining your oral-genital action to sucking, licking and nibbling. Blowjob is an expression, not an instruction.

Dropped Uterus: My wife's doctor says that she has a "prolapsed" uterus and that she will have to wear some sort of ring or her uterus might fall out of her body. She's afraid of losing her uterus, but is not sure she wants a ring inside

air into a guy's penis? What about a her either. Are there any alternatives? woman's cunt? My wife has been blowing into my cock, and I'd like to return

Madison, Wisconsin

A prolapsed uterus, also called a dropped uterus, occurs when the ligaments that normally hold the organ in place become stretched as a result of pregnancy or weakened by infection or an accident. If treatment isn't undertaken, it actually can fall right out of the vaginal canal.

The treatment you mentioned is the simplest. A rubber ring is inserted inside the vagina to support the uterus. To prevent vaginal infections, the ring must be removed and cleaned often.

Like your wife, some women don't find the idea of wearing such a ring appealing. In many cases surgery can tighten the ligaments. If, however, the uterus has dropped severely, the organ may have to be completely removed. It sounds, though, like your wife's problem has been caught in time to prevent removal.

Sleeping Pills: As a result of an old injury, I've had problems falling asleep. For the last several years my doctor has prescribed ethchlorvynol to help me sleep. Generally it works, but lately my speech has been slurred, and I've been depressed. Can this be a side effect of the drug?

—B. T.

Tacoma, Washington

Ethchlorvynol is the generic name of the sedative-hypnotic drug Placidyl, a potent, possibly addictive sleep inducer. Long-time users of Placidyl can experience the symptoms you mentioned and a host of others, including loss of memory, inability to concentrate, shakes and tremors, and slowing of reflexes. It was recently reported that Supreme Court Justice William H. Rehnquist supposedly took Placidyl for years following a back injury and that he allegedly suffered from slurred speech.

You need to get off this drug, but don't stop taking it on your own. Users who abruptly discontinue taking Placidyl can suffer severe withdrawal reactions of nervousness, anxiety, seizures, cramps, chills, numbness of the arms and legs, behavior changes, delirium and hallucinations. Justice Rehnquist is said to have had hallucinations during his hospitalization to reduce the amount of Placidyl he was ingesting.

Tell your doctor immediately about the problems you are experiencing with Placidyl (ethchlorvynol) so that a medically supervised withdrawal program can be set up. Many other sleep inducers on the market don't produce the same side effects.

Sperm Life: I thought sperm died immediately if they didn't impregnate an egg. However, I read somewhere that sperm can live for days in the vagina. Wouldn't that make the rhythm method unreliable?

—C. E.

Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada

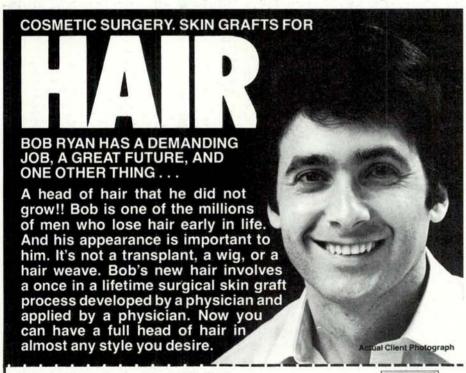
The vagina is self-cleaning, and sperm would wash out before too long. But once sperm enter the cervical canal (which they do almost immediately after intercourse), they can live for up to six days.

Yes, the rhythm method is unreliable. As long as any sperm remain in the reproductive tract, conception can occur. For this reason, women should not rely solely on rhythm for birth control. Even if a woman engages in sex only at times she considers "safe," she still can easily become pregnant.

Menopausal Sex: I've gotten through most of my menopause okay, but lately I've experienced a great deal of pain during sex. Is this a related problem?

—F. S. Selma, Alabama

Toward the end of menopause many women experience pain or a burning sensation during sex because the vaginal walls thin with age. In most cases vaginal lubricating jelly is all you need to eliminate the uncomfortable sensations. But sometimes the jellies aren't enough; so doctors might prescribe estrogen cream to thicken the vaginal lining. However, this treatment is only recommended as a last resort. Estrogen can be absorbed into the body, possibly leading to cancer.



HU582

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BitePieces

ccasionally, over the years of preparing this column, we run across someone so stupid, insensitive and just generally wrong-headed that to call the person an "Asshole" almost seems a compliment. Grant County (Wisconsin) Circuit Court Judge William Reinecke is such a person, if indeed person applies.

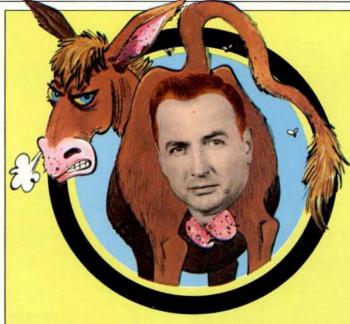
Let's look at the facts: In a recent judgment handed down by Reinecke, this simpleminded guardian of our judicial system said that the five-year-old victim of a sexual assault was partly to blame for the incident. In sentencing Ralph Snodgrass, 24, on a charge of first-degree sexual assault, the judge stated: "I am satisfied that we have an unusual sexually promiscuous young lady and that this man just did not know enough to knock off her advances. . . . No way do I believe he initiated sexual contact.'

Reinecke apparently based his opinion on the reported fact the girl had seen her mother and the accused making love. Although transcripts of the case are not available, it is believed the girl climbed on top of Snodgrass while he was sleeping in the nude, perhaps to emulate the activity she had seen.

Here is our position: HUSTLER does not believe that a sexually immature, intellectually undeveloped five-year-old can be attributed to be sexually promiscuous simply because she seeks to emulate an act she doesn't even understand.

And what about Snodgrass, the convicted assailant? What kind of person must he be to have accepted such advances from an unknowing, innocent child? Well, Snodgrass' attorney defended the man by saying: "He's not had the exposure to growing, learning sex, and I don't mean sex as sexual intercourse but sex as a relationship with people." What the hell are we to make of a judge like Reinecke who apparently accepts this?

Let's try to understand this kind of reasoning. The courts are to protect a grown man from a child on the grounds that he not the child—lacked enough



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

William Reinecke

sophistication in sexual matters to understand the nature of the act. The act, as defined in the foregoing quote, does not mean sex but rather sexual relationships with members of the opposite sex. In other words, according to the rather successful defense (considering the light sentence), Snodgrass did not realize that a grownup cannot have a meaningful sexual relationship with a five-year-old.

Come on, huh? Isn't it really the child who needs protection? Isn't it really the child who can be assumed to be lacking in awareness and sophistication? Isn't it reasonable to expect a 24-year-old to know better? Even if it's true that the young girl has been brought up in a questionable home life, we are reminded of the old adage that two wrongs do not make a right. You cannot dismiss the actions of Snodgrass because the mother was lax in keeping the sex act from the child's view any more than you could dismiss assault charges against someone because the victim had previously been assaulted.

Besides, it is not a foregone conclusion that the witnessing of the sex act has a negative impact on children. One must assume, however, that children wouldn't be involved in such an act if the adults were caring people. The same could be said of letting a child witness the shooting of a gun on a firing range; one does not hand the weapon to the kid.

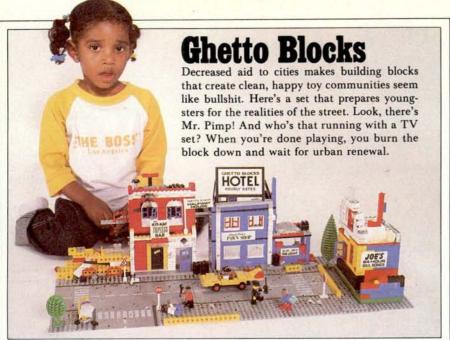
Judge Reinecke, as an adult, should know all this, but instead he reacted with dismay to the public outcry his remarks engendered. "I am deeply disturbed," he said, "by the idea that a judge can be forced from office for rendering his opinion that is unpopular with certain segments of the community." Well, we would hope the outrage was not because the opinion was "unpopular" but because it was incompetent.

Furthermore, his statement, which was couched as an apology, demonstrated quite clearly that despite the hue and cry, Reinecke still doesn't understand that it is children who must be protected against themselves and against others. It is children who are helpless to understand and make decisions, not—God help us—adults. And, in this case, a child was the victim of a heinous crime, not the assailant.

HUSTLER has long taken an unequivocal position against child abuse in all forms. Unlike Reinecke, we do not think child abuse can be tolerated, and we don't think any excuse can be made for it under any set of circumstances. Our children are our most precious resources and must be protected by us all... with the help of the law.

If our legal system doesn't uphold the values of decent people across the land, and if, instead, representatives of the law assign blame to five-year-old victims—then our legal system is going to hell on a toboggan.

That's why it makes our blood boil to hear of an idiot like William Reinecke, a supposed keeper of wisdom, attributing sexual promiscuity to a child of five. To quote an outraged parent in Wisconsin: "A five-year-old child does not have a concept of the sex act, and I really feel that if the judge believes this way, he should not be on the bench."



It Knows You're Gay!

Medical-health researchers have come upon a dead-

ly cancer- and pneumonia-causing virus that seems to attack only male homosexuals. Although the virus is known to be transmitted sexually, scientists are puzzled as to why women and heterosexual men are relatively immune to it. One possibility being explored is that heavy use of the drugs amyl nitrite and butyl nitrite as sexual stimulants among gays is lowering their immunity to the virus (see Sex Play, March). One-third of recently infected victims have



azine has never been considered reading material for the weak at heart; so be absolutely sure you're in very good physical condition before you sit down to read a copy, or what happened to this HUSTLER reader from Houston, Texas, just might happen to you

The poor guy enjoyed our crazy jokes so much...he died laughing.



Tuna Helper

Right now you're reading HUSTLER word for word... but later you're gonna whack off to one of the hot girl photos. Right? Well, we want your experience to be realistic; so here's a recipe for the best masturbation this side of the Pillsbury Jerkoff—add one can of tuna, beat thoroughly and voila! Stink pink.



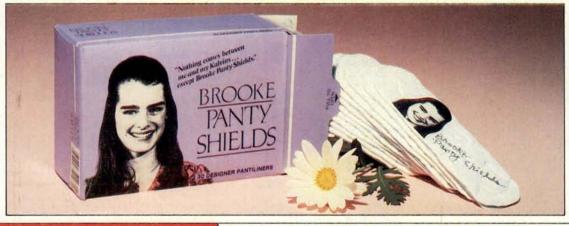






Go With the Flow

Brooke cares about icky panty mess. Every girl does. That's why we're suggesting she flood the market with a sanitarynapkin product like the one we've created here. Face it, Brooke. You were born to endorse panty shields-it's in your jeans.



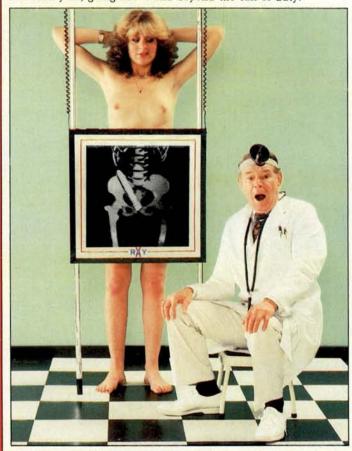




Twist and Mom or Dad no doubt told you about the birds and bees. But there are certain things that birds and bees

don't do. Like using nipple clamps. Here to complete your education is Centurians Whole Catalog of the Exotic and Bizarre. To find out what's new in pussy face masks, send \$15 to Centurians (P.O. Box AE, Westminster, CA 92683). You'll be glad you'll be sorry you did.

The Inside Story Every year hundreds of people dreds of people shove objects too deep into their body openings. Ears, mouths, noses, assholes . . . and cunts. Just imagine how many vibrators are lost each year, going above and beyond the call of duty.





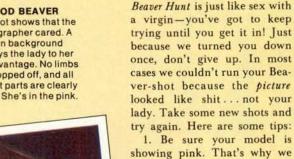


Earn Money in Your Free Time



GOOD BEAVER This shot shows that the photographer cared. A clean background

displays the lady to her best advantage. No limbs are cropped off, and all her best parts are clearly in view. She's in the pink.



1. Be sure your model is showing pink. That's why we call it Beaver Hunt.

Getting a photo accepted for

2. Get her whole body into the photograph.

3. The photo must be in focus and clear. Instamatic-type cameras give better shots than Polaroids.

4. Don't clutter the background. We want to see your woman, not your patterned bedspread or plaid sofa.

5. One for the guys: No erections, please.





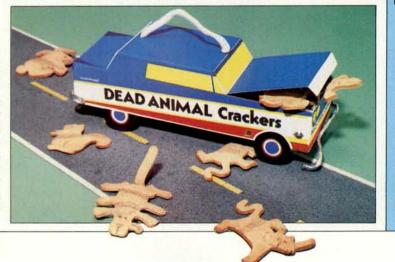
DON'T DROP THAT NEEDLE!" Drug-Inspired Hits of the Sixties INCLUDES: COCAINE EIGHT MILES HIGH PURPLE HAZE: SEARCHING FOR MY MAIN LINE MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER WHITE RABBIT HEROIN...AND MANY MORE!

Shooting Up the Charts

Drag out the love beads and that old Nehru jacket, cause here comes a collection of the greatest druginspired hits of the '60s! Relive those old freak-outs while the Byrds play "Eight Miles High." Tighten your belt while you reminisce over "Heroin" by the Velvet Underground. This album will have your fingers snappin' and your skin poppin' like the good ol' days-or your stash money back!

Eat and Run It'd take a pretty gutsy cookie-manufactur-

ing company to put animal crackers like these on the shelves of our supermarkets, but we're sure they'd be a smash! We can just hear all the hungry, little kids telling their moms now-"When you're out, run over and get us some more!"









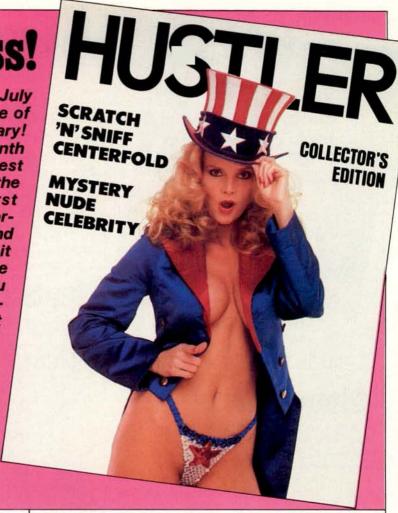


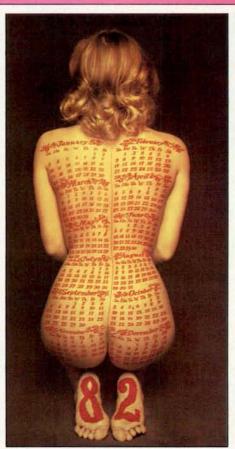
No Horsin' Around These photos from a

horse-industry journal show the actual procedure for the artificial insemination of thoroughbreds. In the top photo a stallion's penis is being washed after teasing to get him aroused. Next, the stallion mounts a mock-up mare while his penis is inserted into a simulated vagina that acts as a sperm receptacle. The third photo shows the vagina in place as sperm is collected in a rubber tip at the end. A breeder then inserts the sperm into a mare's cervix, and it's no fun for the mare. At least the stud gets teased.

Smell of Cuccess!

What's hotter than July the Fourth? July the "Eighth"-'cause the July '82 issue of **HUSTLER** marks our eighth anniversary! But remember, it goes on sale one month ahead of time! And this will be the biggest celebration yet! Since we shocked the world back in 1977 with our first SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF centerfold, the overwhelming reader demand for a second whiff hasn't stopped; so we're doing it again with an all-new centerfold! The aroma is top secret, but we can tell you this sniff is more woman than you imagined possible! And if that mystery isn't enough to keep you on the edge of your seat, the July issue (which goes on sale May 25th) will also unveil a SURPRISE NUDE CELEBRITY! You won't believe which star we caught shining this time! Do not miss this valuable collector's edition. Some people buy one to read and another to save as an investment...it will only increase in value!





We've **Always** Liked

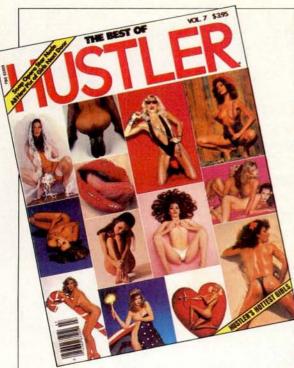
It's not too late to get a calendarespecially if you get one that looks like this, where the year gets better as it goes along! It's supposed to get chilly in December, but we feel there's going to be a rise in temperature for the guys who watch this calendar travel into winter. It's available in novelty poster shops. We were surprised to hear the calendar was printed in Holland. How come it doesn't show her "two-lips"?

A Picture Lasts Longer

women remember a touching moment in their lives. A beauti- the flush.

Here's a little something to help | ful glossy photo of "the one that got away." First the flash, then





Almost Gone! But there's still a lot of time to

pick up a copy of BEST OF HUSTLER. It's a sizzling collection of girls, features and humor from our best year yet! Plus, we've added a selection of all-new Beaver Hunt photos. Buy a copy at your newsstand or send \$3.95 plus \$1 handling (\$2 for multiple orders) to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

Bad Vibes

The staff at HUSTLER wants to remind our readers to keep on the lookout for poorquality sex toys! Shoddy materials can play absolute havoc with your most intimate moments.

Here's a good example-a vibrating egg that hatched! Be sure to candle-test your egg before you make the purchase. If you see anything moving inside of it, don't let it move inside you. After all, there is nothing worse than a fertile vibrator.



uman Interest

HUSTLER is a sucker for a touching story about animals; so we had to

show you these pictures of Toronto stripper Lolita and some of the menagerie in her act. What caught our eye was the size of her snakes.





WILL YOU BUILD ME A BOMB? LIKE BILLY CARTER. SADAT IS DEAD? HA-HA-HA LET'S KILL REAGAN TOO!

Toys for **Terrorists**

He really is a noisy little asshole, isn't he?

With this new talking doll, you just pull the string, and he makes you sick.

From Tomb to Womb

Ever wonder what your girlfriend's pussy will look like in 200 or 300 years? We didn't either. But still, a HUSTLER fan who visited the mummies in the tombs of Guanajuato, Mexico, felt we should take a look. Like the commercial says "You're not getting older . . . you're getting brittle."





A Letter From Carter Country

This photo of an apparent elephant-style enema was sent by none other than Willie Carter Spann, incarcerated nephew of former President Jimmy Carter. Willie (a HUSTLER profile subject in May 1977) is currently in a prison in Chino, California. This makes us wonder who took the picture. Do prisons have field trips?



Pricked Again

Isn't that sweet? Some lucky reader just got pinned and sent us a picture to show how proud he was. It must have been a very tender moment...once the screaming died down.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



Just What We Had in

That lowered zipper, those spread legs, that "come and get it" expression—isn't that what wallets are all about? Although this magazine advertisement grabs your attention, it's not too clear on what's being sold. Is this lady pushing wallets for sports... or trying to make sports dig into their wallets?



HUSTLER Update

GUARDIAN ANGELS December '81 HUSTLER was among the first to profile youthful crimefighter



Curtis Sliwa, 27, and his Guardian Angels-a red-bereted volunteer organization Sliwa founded in 1979. They began by patrolling New York City's crime-filled subways and have since spread their self-appointed protective activities to 40 U.S. cities, although they are not always welcomed by city fathers. Shortly after our report appeared, the Angels sustained their first fatality: Frank Melvin, 26, was killed in Newark, New Jersey, while on patrol. Ironically, he died from a police bullet. Officers claim they mistakenly thought he was threatening a cop, but the Angels say he was opening his coat to show his Angels T-shirt. The FBI is investigating.

BIBLE VS.
EVOLUTION
August '81
HUSTLER noted
that when Arkansas Governor Frank D.



White signed a bill in March 1981 requiring the state's public schools to teach the biblical theory of creation along with Darwin's theory of evolution, it was a triumph for Moral Majority types. After the publication of our report, a suit filed by the American Civil Liberties Union challenged the teaching of "creation" science in Arkansas schools. The result was a victory by Evolutionists over Creationists: In January, Judge William Ray Overton of the U.S. Court for the Eastern District of Arkansas overturned the law, declaring it unconstitutional. He said creation science "has no . . . educational value."

Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all

rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose SASE). For May, \$150 and thanks to Les Fireman, Willie Carter Spann, Dave Taylor and Raymond Tillman.

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But saving \$51 on a three-year subscription is only one *more* reason to read HUSTLER. No other magazine pushes aside the bullshit to give you an insider's view on how the world runs and who runs it. Plus, we'll give you the hottest in

adult entertainment—from sizzling girls who can't say no, to outrageous humor. It's all here, and you can have it delivered to your door by clipping out the coupon below. HUSTLER—the savings plan with the *highest* interest.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Dave Yuzo Spector

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Country Comfort

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Dominico Sala; directed by Bob Augustus; written by Daryl Light and Bob Augustus; starring Georgina Spelvin, Rhonda Jo Petty, Randy West, Drea, Tommy La Roc and Ginger.

Grab a corncob pipe, kick up yer heels and see the only adult movie that could have been called Little Whorehouse on the Prairie. Citrus Productions has come up with a sweet but seldom sour look at the sexual misadventures of a rural family at the end of the Civil War. If you like country women more down-to-earth than Scarlett O'Hara, point your wagon toward a theater playing this one.

Country Comfort admirably takes its time setting up the story—in other words, no sex right away. While that may be bad news for the impatient viewer who's double-parked, the action to come is well worth a little warm-up.

Tom (Randy West) is a war straggler who spots the family's daughter, Clara (Drea), engaged in some innocent skinny-dipping. He scares her off only to face her shotgun-toting mother, Martha, who's played by the Helen Hayes of porn flicks, Georgina Spelvin. Soldier Tom manages to talk his way out of trouble with the finesse of the proverbial good ol' boy.

Martha lets Tom hang around



Drea begs Civil War straggler Randy West to demonstrate his "other" weapon in 'Country Comfort.'

the house—much to the delight of the horny womenfolk, but to the chagrin of Marsh, the hired hand (Tommy La Roc). Marsh is secretly involved with Beth (Rhonda Jo Petty), the freeloading fiancee of Martha's son, who was killed in battle.

War not providing the best opportunity for sex, Tom figures he'll make up for lost time by seducing the entire household-mother included. Enter daughter Sabrina, teasingly played by newcomer Ginger, who at only five-feet tall packs as much sensuality per foot as many veterans. She spies on Beth, who's giving Marsh the kind of dripping blowjob adultmovie audiences live for. In return for keeping her mouth shut, Sabrina orders Beth to eat out her miniature pussy.

Meanwhile, Tom follows

Clara to the river and proceeds to take her cherry. Clara's performance as a virgin is so accurate, you can almost hear a pop. Sabrina then manages to get a piece of Tom after she convinces him there's more under her dress than meets the eve. He drills her in the barn long enough to find oil. Even in moments of ecstasy, they never lose their Southern accents, a minor miracle under the circumstances. Marsh and Beth get it on next, and a horse becomes so annoyed over the heated action, it storms out for points unknown.

But the sexual summit arrives when Tom finally persuades Mom to share her bed with him. With a trooper like Georgina Spelvin, it's no surprise her approach to passion is the most "professional." Her

moans are loud enough to be heard clear to Gettysburg.

The shit really hits the fan when troublemaker Sabrina blows the whistle on Marsh and Beth at an awkward dinnertable scene reminiscent of TV's The Waltons. Except the Waltons rarely use the word fuck.

Country Comfort gives us an authentic look at pussy from yesteryear, but not without a few buffalo chips along the way. Many of the close-up scenes are out of focus, and the small cast means few surprises. Yet faithful acting, a fresh background, the exciting new discovery named Ginger and—most of all—a lot of good, down-home sex make this Civil War vehicle a victory for Yanks and Rebs alike. —D. Y. S.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT

Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.

HALF ERECT

So-so. This may get you off, but its appeal is limited.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.

TOTALLY LIMP

A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



'Comfort': Randy West proves to Ginger that hay isn't only for horses.

Roommates

Half Erect. Produced and directed by Chuck Vincent; written by Chuck Vincent and Rick Marx; starring Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart, Kelly Nichols, Phil Smith, Jamie Gillis, Jerry Butler, Bobby Astyr, Jack Wrangler and Ron Jeremy.

Suffering from an identity crisis, Roommates could use a little help from Dr. Joyce Brothers. It can't seem to make up its mind whether to be an X-rated film or an R-rated one, and the viewer winds up either delighted, frustrated or somewhere in between. Roommates comes very close to falling into the R category, only it's a lot better. (R meaning "Restricted: Under 17 requires accompanying parent or adult guardian.")

Chuck Vincent, a producer of the highest caliber, spared no expense in this production, putting to shame Hollywood's recent megabuck bombs. The story is rock-solid, the portrayals are superb, and the New York locations add a nice touch.

But you can't have your cake



In 'Roommates,' lusty Samantha Fox entertains a horny client.

and eat it too. Vincent is aiming for a crossover appeal to a broader audience that wants to see an explicit movie, but not one that's too hard-core. In that regard the raincoat gang will find more titillation in a Laverne & Shirley rerun.

The film is based on the reallife experiences of its three leading ladies. Billie (Samantha Fox) is a high-class hooker who decides to call it quits, figuring she'll be able to maintain her lavish lifestyle by acquiring two roommates. The lucky new ten-



'Roommates': Fox's old career comes in handy when she has to save her job.

ants are Joan (Veronica Hart), a hopeful actress, and Sherry (Kelly Nichols), a successful fashion model.

Apparently, Billie did quite nicely as a "sidewalk stewardess," but she quickly finds out that cleaning the slate isn't easy. Marv Lester (Bobby Astyr), who runs the advertising agency that provides Billie with a legitimate job, turns out to be an ex-john of hers. Lester forces her to sleep with potential clients for \$200 a crack, or it's the unemployment line. Billie has no choice but to confess her previous career to the two roommates. Here, Fox's acting is so sincere, her anguish and embarrassment leap from the screen.

Joan is perhaps the most likable of the roomies. She's an innocent sort who has come to New York to become a star on Broadway. She suffers through endless auditioning before landing a juicy role and falling in love with her co-star, Eddie (Jerry Butler).

For connoisseurs of raw eroticism, however, Sherry is the best bet. She's a hot number on a course toward self-destruction, traveling at warp speed. Worried about becoming too old to model, she pops pills, snorts coke and lets herself get picked up by the foulest species of male ever to hit a dance floor.

One of these is Joel (Jamie Gillis), a deranged sex freak who'd be at home in front-page headlines. Gillis plays Joel so well, you're almost tempted to see if the actor has a police record of his own. Ludes make it easy for Sherry to fall prey to his humiliating behavior, as when he arranges for her to be violently gang-banged. Then, in a style as frightening as that of any top-grade horror film, Joel sneaks into Sherry's apartment—and not as the Welcome Wagon. When he gets down to business, watch for puddles under the theater seats.

Short scenes keep the tempo jumping, and there's an element of suspense not often found in this line of cinema. Still, this review comes with a warning to audiences honest enough to admit they go to porn movies to see porn: Don't expect a party film with sex in every other frame. What you can expect is to use your imagination and let good actors create a kind of sex appeal not achieved in the more-graphic type of adult offerings. It's just unfortunate that Chuck Vincent's laudable attempt to add sophistication to Roommates ended up shortchanging the true X-rated-movie lover in the turn-on department. —D. Y. S.

Skintight

Half Erect. Produced and directed by Ed DePriest; written by Alan Patrick; starring Annette Haven, Mary Christian, Lisa DeLeeuw, Randy Roteman, Paul Thomas, Leslie Barris, Connie Peterson, Randy West, Mai Lin and Milton Ingley.

In this fairly standard feature the storyline shrivels as quickly as a cock in a cold shower. Not that we should expect adultfilm plots to rival Citizen Kane, but it would have been nice to see a little more development of the flick's premise. What saves Skintight from the terminal ward is the perky acting and elegant sexuality of porn veteran Annette Haven, playing a sex therapist and surrogate named Samantha Denver.

Early in the film, Samantha meticulously examines a patient (Randy Roteman) suffering from "the world's most dreaded disease"—premature ejaculation. As they fuck, she demonstrates the famous "squeeze method." After seeing



who'd be at home in front-page | Therapist Annette Haven treats patient Randy West in 'Skintight.

what's under her lab coat, you'd imagine the client would need a lot more than a good squeeze to keep from coming.

Moving right along, a therapist named Liz (Leslie Barris) is giving screwing lessons—for medical reasons, of course—to a beer-bellied Tom Goldberg (Milton Ingley). He has a crush on his teacher, and proves it with a slow-motion cum-shot that's lengthy enough for you to run out for more popcorn.

Interspersed between the many "therapeutic" sex scenes are several obscene phone calls that would scare the crap out of Ma Bell. The caller is the clinic's director, Dr. David Chambers (Paul Thomas), an obvious schizo.

One scene that's unintentionally funny has Dr. Chambers seducing his fiancee, Nikki (Connie Peterson). Although Nikki has a perfectly shaved



'Skintight's' Mai Lin enjoys a steamy threesome under the trees.

pussy, she insists on keeping her cherry until the big day. The clever doc then reasons that doing her in the ass would maintain her virginity, technically at least. As the Vaseline does its stuff, he tenderly says, "If it hurts, tell me. I won't stop, but tell me." Nonetheless, the sharp close-up of Nikki's backdoor is the best view this side of a proctologist's office

While a Masters-and-Johnson-type premise is old hat, Skintight could have been a bigger turn-on had it followed through on its characters and plot. Unless you're a diehard Annette Haven fan, or there's nothing else playing in your town, you choosy viewers should sit this one out. —D. Y. S.



Paul Thomas' dream sequence is kinky and spooky in 'Skintight.'

Fireworks

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Alan Vydra; starring Carolyn Grace, Nadine Russell, Joan Berry, Claudia Budwell and Ted Harlow.

Where's there's smoke, there's fire. Well, sometimes. In the case of Fireworks, it's more like a smolder than an inferno. A product of the West German adult-entertainment conglomerate Beate Uhse Corporation, Fireworks delivers plenty of sex, but the actors are barely hot enough to roast marshmallows.

The story revolves around a high-class stud house that supplies male prostitutes to an elite group of female clients. Unfortunately, if not comically, all the guys look as exciting as insurance salesmen from Toledo, Ohio. And when they try to act "macho," it's like The

Three Stooges in a singles bar.
The stud service, complete

with a sports-stadium-style locker room for the busy staff, is run by Ted (Ted Harlow), fondly referred to as "Chief." His right-hand man is Henry, a 350-pound dude who makes sure the "boys" keep the ladies happy, and the exorbitant fees keep rolling in. One stud is tattooed all over his body. Surely in all of Europe there are more eye-appealing actors willing to screw for marks or francs.

A subplot gives us Ted's daughter, played by an ethnically puzzling but appealing Carolyn Grace. She's kept secluded in her bedroom for reasons unknown, and the family business has raised her libido to dangerous levels. After fingering away some of her frustration on her own, she manages to corner one of the studs for a little "in house" sex.

The title Fireworks is derived from a major scene involving a countess who orders a group of studs to rush over and fuck her to the limit. Not surprisingly, they all come too fast, and she angrily demands replacements. Back at the stud house, more than 20 guys don fireman uniforms and dash off in a real fire engine and put out the fire inside the insatiable countess.

Often, a foreign locale adds a refreshing touch to a film. In Fireworks it tends to get in the way. You're more likely to say, "Oh, so that's what a German fire truck looks like!" instead of being interested in the story's characters. Except for those desperate cases who'll watch anything that jiggles, a trip to see Fireworks is definitely a false alarm. -D. Y. S.



-D. Y. S. A slippery orgy in 'Fireworks' could set a record for baby-oil consumption.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Girl's Best Friend
Amanda by Night
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
8 to 4
Exhausted
Indecent Exposure
Never So Deep
Nightdreams
Nothing to Hide
Outlaw Ladies
Pandora's Mirror
The Best of Gail Palmer
The Dancers
Wicked Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Between the Sheets
Delicious
Extreme Close-up
Garage Girls
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Inside Seka
Same Time Every Year
Sex Boat
The Tale of Tiffany Lust
Urban Cowgirls

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Aunt Peg's Fulfillment
Blue Magic
Centerfold Fever
Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl
Extremes
Flash
Manhattan Mistress
Skin on Skin
The Filthy Rich
The Tiffany Minx
Woman in Love

One-Quarter Erect Silky

Sweet Cheeks Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Hot Dallas Nights
Little Orphan Dusty, Part II
Naughty Network
The Seductress

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

The Orator

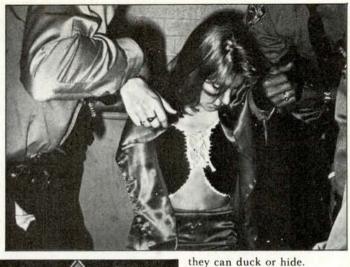
By Peter Nivio Zarlenga; Books in Focus Inc., P.O. Box 3481, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163; \$12.95.

Trees are cut, paper is made, ink is loaded, the presses roll, and the process produces a curiosity like The Orator. Peter Nivio Zarlenga is one of those people who are convinced that they have been granted a direct line to the Absolute Truth and that they are destined to move and shake the earth by proclaiming that truth. Apparently, he also thinks that when he writes words one at a time down the page instead of across, he is creating poetry and that he is a poet with a capital P.

This author's ego is astonishing. "Listen to genius," he writes, "and be encouraged." If he identifies himself with "The Orator" (I think he does), then he credits himself with "the simplicity of Homer, the logic of Aristotle, the satire of Voltaire, the citizenship of Paine, the fire of Nietzche, the beauty of Hugo, the charm of Ingersoll, the intensity of Rand, and a genius who is the natural ally of the common man."

millions of churches built on the rotting bodies of children who never knew what it was to be free."

Several of his statements are good ones. Of course, they always have been. He reminds us that truth is beauty, and beauty, truth; freedom is a good thing, and so is justice; love is good, and evil should be struck down when recognized. And he chants many other well-known sayings. Nowhere, however, will the reader discover a new truth, nor an old one set forth in a new way. Well, Pete, freedom is still around. You got your book published.





Street Cops': In New York City, part of the job is helping kids strung out on mind-bending drugs (top) and hauling away barroom brawlers (above).

The few words scattered throughout the book are understated: "You can show all the petty little bullshit, but you don't have to show the real stuff. A cop is crying because he's worked hard over a baby. trying to bring it back, and he doesn't know what he's doing: he doesn't have the training. And he loses it. And to him, it's not black or white or yellow; it's a baby. And the doctor says to him, 'Why'd you waste your time? It's just a nigger.' And you 'clock' him, and lose 15 days for punching him out. ... That's a fuckin' cop.'

This book is New York. This is its heroes, junkies, creeps, crazies; the pathetic, the disgusting, the hilarious, all of it.

The Drator

He rants a great deal against socialism and Christianity, his two obsessive hates. He labels them Jimmy and Jesus. "Once noble and great, brave and free, magnificent America is dying. ... Religious insanity and socialist insanity is killing America. The stench of your Christian and Jewish lies pours from your

Street Cops

By Jill Freedman; Harper and Row, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, NY 10022; \$17.95.

At first glance this ample, well-photographed collection of black-and-white prints seems to be a bouquet of flowers for the police force-cops are strictly good guys. But as you gaze upon these sharp, shocking photos of what a policeman lives with and puts up with-how he feels and why he became one in the first place-you begin to realize that like everything else, the police force is comprised of all kinds of people.

The gravish-colored cover illustrates a pair of cops, guns drawn, standing close together in a narrow hallway, approaching a door at the far end. When one of them kicks that door in, both officers are vulnerable. There's nowhere to go, no place



'Street Cops': You never see gunshot victims throwing up in the movies.

In the long run the author is not making excuses for anything in it, including cops. One caption reads: "He was hit in the stomach with a shotgun. He spilled his guts and headed south, already waxy. The colors of violence. Not red like ketchup, gray like dead. Being shot is glamorous; dying is not. You never see them throw up in the movies."

Spock stopped at puberty, and this is the point where Gail Sheehy took over.

In Passages she told us about the anguish we would suffer in the terrible 20s and the forlorn 40s, when we would reevaluate what we were and who we were and what we had done with our lives. Sheehy told us we weren't the only ones going through these trials. Passages became



A female 'Street Cop' gives a prostitute a little sidewalk compassion.

Author Jill Freedman lists facts without giving her opinions; so you can make up your own. In a force of nearly 25,000 cops in New York, 97.5% are male, 2.5% female; 88.1% are white, 8.1% black and 3.8% Hispanic.

What this stark book tells us is that cops are not a different breed. They are just people—all kinds of people.

Pathfinders

By Gail Sheehy; William Morrow and Company Inc., 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$15.95.

A few years ago Gail Sheehy wrote a blockbuster best-seller called *Passages*. This book was to adults what Dr. Benjamin Spock was to children. Dr. Spock told us about how a child's age marks the mental and physical growth it would make. He told us about the "terrible 2s" and the attentiongetting "noisy 9s." But Dr.

the textbook on adult growth and what to expect.

Pathfinders is the survival guide. It gives us examples of pathfinders who survived going through life's passages.

Sheehy has the energy of a power plant. She drew up a detailed questionnaire and got it published in two mass-circulation magazines. There were 60,000 responses. Three years of research, the development of a ten-point "Hallmarks of Well-Being" and an interview trip through 38 states and four foreign countries resulted in this monumental work. She researched up, down and across incomes, races, educational and social lines, speaking to people who had made it through these "passages" in their lives.

One hell of a writer, Sheehy doesn't strap you down and throw statistics at you. She doesn't hide meanings behind fancy words. When these people's stories are told, the shit swamps they've had to paddle

through, the pain they've felt and the joy they experienced when they pulled through it all,



you feel as if you are right there with them.

After reading this volume, you'll understand that what you thought was the end of it all—that everything you built has fallen down, nobody loves you, and nobody should because you aren't worth it (we've all been there)—doesn't have to be the end after all. Possibly it can be the beginning of something much better.

Sheehy isn't doling out any quick-fix happiness pills. What works for one person may not do a thing for another. But what will work is an understanding of yourself—how you grow and change. Sixteen bucks is a small price to pay for what this book can do for you if you read it and use it.

The Herpes Book

By Richard Hamilton, M.D.; J. P. Tarcher Inc., 9110 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069; \$4.95.

Occasionally a book should be offered to the public at no charge. The Herpes Book is definitely one of them. Free copies should be stacked on drugstore counters and set on nightstands in motel rooms next to the Gideon Bible. It would be an excellent textbook of a required course (passing grade essential) to be taken by anyone who plans to engage in any kind of sexual activity. "Show me your herpes report card, Buster, or we go to the movies instead!"

Regrettably, the book won't cure herpes, nor has any medication been discovered that will. What this informative volume will do is tell you what it is, what it does to your body, how it spreads and—most important of all—how to cope with it.

Millions of people are living with herpes right now, and many more will have to. Herpes infection is one of the most widespread epidemics in history, and it's gaining on us every day. Yet prevention is simple, and there are indications that cures are on the way. Although research money has been scarce and some of the most promising drugs can't be patented (which makes manufacturers drag their feet), a small number of brilliant and dedicated researchers are working their buns off to control the disease.

And Dr. Hamilton is certainly an important member of this team. His approach is informative and precise. Even when he describes the horror stories, he says not to panic, and tells the reasons why.

Herpes isn't new. Writings on the subject date back 2,000 years, but it wasn't until fairly recently that it was found to be a viral disease. Prior to the invention of the electron microscope, these viruses had never been seen by the human eye. A virus is so tiny it can pass through an earthenware filter. Some will even escape through porcelain and certainly through rubber.

Herpes simplex II, which affects the genitals, is recurrent. When it's active, it is contagious; when it's dormant, it is not. This may be oversimplifying, but that's the usual situation. There is a way to control herpes for each individual and for everyone else. It is by keeping clean, eating nutritious food, sleeping well, avoiding stress, not panicking (especially about having herpes), keeping informed and, above all, never having any kind of sex while the disease is in its active state.

Dr. Hamilton suggests that whether you have herpes or not, you contact the American Social Health Association (260 Sheridan Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94306). For \$8 a year this non-profit organization will inform you regularly of the latest advances in research and the possibilities of cure.

Knowledge, simple hygiene and a sense of responsibility can stop this epidemic in its tracks.





Samantha Jones (not her real name), an 18-year-old freshman at the University of Missouri, couldn't believe her ears. The doctor at the Student Health Center had just told her she was two months' pregnant.

"Pregnant! I can't possibly be pregnant! You must be mistaken. There's no way in the world I could be pregnant." Samantha screamed these words at the physician as a torrent of tears began to flow from her eyes.

The doctor, figuring he'd heard all this before, was astounded at what she had to say next: "Sure, I've had sex before. But everybody knows that you can't get pregnant unless you're married. And I've never been married."

Incredibly, this is a true story. Samantha Jones was not considered a stupid girl. She was a college freshman living away from home. Yet she had never received any formal sex education.

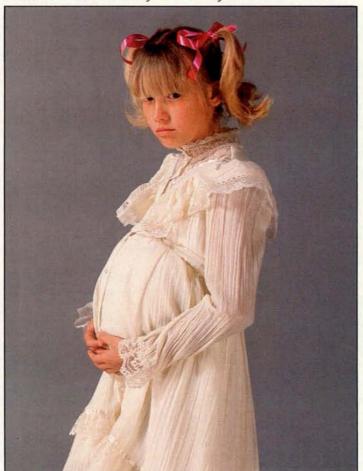
Samantha Jones is not alone. Sixty percent of American teenagers have their first sexual experience while still in high school; 30% of these kids are between the ages of 13 and 15. And an overwhelming majority of them—73%—do not seek any information about birth-control before their first sexual encounter.

Not only are America's children failing to seek sexual advice, nobody is volunteering any either. Only 10%

report receiving a formal, organized sex-education program through their schools. More surprisingly, despite cries by the Moral Majority and other groups that sex ed should be taught only in the home, a mere 12% of teens say their parents ever discussed sex with them.

For more than a week ten-year-old Andrea Jackson (not her real name) was missing from her home in Kansas. Andrea was finally found living in the woods behind her best friend's house. She tearfully confessed she had run away from home because she was going to have a baby. Her parents were shocked by this; the girl had not even gone through puberty yet. Andrea explained

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



SEX EDUCATION: WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

by Rieva Lesonsky

that her friend Jody had told her, "If you love someone, you get a baby." Everyone knew Andrea loved Scott Baio, a star of TV's *Happy Days*; so she was convinced she must be pregnant. Her friend's advice was all the "sex education" Andrea had ever received.

Statistics tell us more disturbing facts: In 1980, 1.1 million American girls under 18 years of age got pregnant. Thirty-eight percent of these "children" underwent abortions. In 1979 the federal Center for Disease Control in Atlanta recorded more than 260,000 cases of gonorrhea and syphilis in youths aged from 19 down to as young as ten years old.

The first sex lesson the child learns is that of gender identity. Infant boys are usually surrounded by blue colors, girls by pink. By observing the environment and the way in which he or she is treated, the child's own gender identity is well established by three years of age. Here's an interesting test you can try that verifies this: Place a spatula and a wrench in front of a threeyear-old and ask which one is Mommy's and which one is Daddy's. Most children will immediately identify the spatula as Mom's and the wrench as Dad's.

The next lesson the child learns is frequently a matter of concern for the parents. Young children will begin to explore their bodies with their hands. Eventually they find their way to the genitals. This is a perfectly natural occurrence; yet many parents become upset when they discover little Johnny playing with his penis, or Susie rubbing her vagina. Tragically, the parents' reaction to this innocent play could well set the tone for their child's future sex life. Mothers and fathers should not panic and slap the child's hand away, as this may communicate that sex is bad or dirty to their impressionable youngsters.

Misunderstandings, lack of information and improper guidance regarding sex can lead to problem after problem for the bewildered par-

ent. Girls discover soon enough that boys have penises and that they don't. This can be a frightening realization for a child. Without proper explanation, many girls believe their penis was taken away from them as punishment for some unremembered wrong. A young boy, aware he has something a little girl doesn't have, may be afraid of losing his penis just like the girl lost hers.

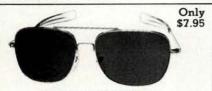
Many girls will start their periods without even knowing what it is. This can be incredibly traumatic (remember the shower scene in the movie Carrie?), and often the frightened youngster believes she is bleeding to death. Girls should welcome menstruation as the

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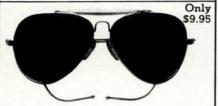
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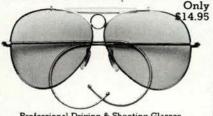
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start of their womanhood. They should not be shocked and tormented by their first period because they don't know why it's happening to them. Parents must be extra careful not to convey the feeling that getting a period is a "curse" for a young girl, a burden she'll have to bear for much of the rest of her life.

Masturbation is another area in which parents often make mistakes. Many parents, who themselves experienced the joy of discovering their own bodies as children, try to restrict this behavior in their kids. It's important to know that a child should never be told not to masturbate; this could easily imply that sex, and the joy it brings, is a forbidden, almost-evil activity. As a young boy, Jason Reynolds (not his real name) was told by his strict parents to never touch himself "there." He soon learned he could stimulate himself without touching, by rubbing his penis against rough surfaces like ropes and tree trunks. Twenty years later, at the age of 32, Jason went to a psychologist because he was unable to experience enjoyable sexual encounters.

Examples like these are just the tip of the iceberg, and serve to illustrate the need for adults to wake up and sense the danger in sexual ignorance. HUSTLER believes that today-not yesterday, not tomorrow-is the time for parents to begin a concentrated effort in explaining the rewarding world of sex to their sons and daughters.

One excellent book is Raising Your Child to Be a Sexually Healthy Adult (by John V. Flowers, Jennifer Horsman and Bernard Schwartz). In a simple and sensible manner, this volume can help parents get off to a sound start by explaining the mechanics of good sex education. Use the following steps to structure your own program.

PRESCHOOL

1. Support your child's discovery in his or her gender. Let the youngster be delighted in being a boy or a girl.

2. Toilet training is of the utmost importance for a child's sexual development. If you are disgusted or embarrassed to teach this, your child's first introduction to control of his genital area will be negatively influenced.

3. First impressions about a child's genitals being naughty or taboo can be harmful. Bathing is a good time to name each part of the body and explain its function. Avoid childish names like "penie" or "boobies."

4. If the mother is pregnant during this time, explain simply how babies are

5. If a child accidentally sees his parents making love, he may interpret the act as inflicting pain. Assure the

child that you are having fun loving each other.

AGES 6 TO 10

1. If you discover your child engaging in sex play, do not show anger, disgust or shock. It is usually harmless and can provide an opportunity to explore your child's early feelings about sex.

2. Forty-six percent of the male population in the U.S. report at least one homosexual experience in their lifetime. If your child participates in any kind of homosexual activity, do not overreact, but tell the child calmly that those activities are not allowed for children and that there are other ways to have fun together.

3. Honest, open sexual communication is essential. Don't let your children fall prey to the myths and misconceptions passed along by peer groups.

4. Children should be given full reproductive knowledge of both intercourse and the physical changes that will occur during puberty by age ten (erection, ejaculation, appearance of pubic hair, menstruation, etc.).

AGES 10 TO 13

1. This is a good time to talk to your child about the ways in which society, religion and morals will influence his or her sexuality.

2. Discuss changes with your daughter brought on by puberty and help her deal with them emotionally: budding of nipples, swelling of breasts, anxiety over breast size, menstruation, etc.

3. Discuss pubescent changes with your son: enlargement of the penis, penis size itself, sexual fantasies, masturbation, etc.

THE TEEN YEARS

1. Make sure your child understands that the first sexual experience should not "just happen," but is the result of a well-thought-out decision.

2. Children at this stage should know the varieties of birth control available: the Pill, IUD, diaphragm, condom, and spermicidal foams and jellies.

3. Set up your child's dating standards by discussing it with other parents. Change and adapt your restrictions as the teenager grows older.

4. Clearly explain the problem of venereal disease, including the different types, their prevention, their cure and

their threat to health.

5. Explore topics with your teen like abortion, premarital sex and living together. These "raps" will encourage them to think responsibly about sex.

The general rule of thumb is to tell the child what he wants to know and what he should know, in language as simple as possible. Always keep in mind your kid's age when you discuss sex

City

with him. Nine-year-olds don't need to know about birth-control pills; 14-year-olds do. Children of five don't have to be told about sexual arousal and orgasms; teenagers should be. One doctor tells the story about an overzealous mother who, when confronted with "Mommy, where do I come from?," launched into a detailed explanation only to find out her kid wanted to know if she was born in Chicago or New York!

Parents must treat the task of educating their children with serious attention and good common sense, especially in the beginning years when a child's mind is easily influenced. Dr. Mary Calderone, co-founder of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS), says children have a "birthright to sexuality."

Dr. Calderone cautions parents, "If you stamp on the sexuality or thwart its development, you damage the child. That can cause all kinds of future damage, including the capacity for happy marriages." Instead, she believes, "parents should be taught to bless, honor, dignify, conserve and celebrate their children's sexuality."

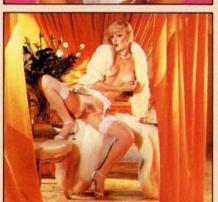
You can buy or check out of your local library a number of outstanding books that will help explain the facts of life to your boy or girl. Along with the aforementioned Raising Your Child to Be a Sexually Healthy Adult, there's a series of three paperbacks: Your Child and Sex, Girls and Sex and Boys and Sex, written by Kinsey Report coauthor Dr. Wardell Pomeroy.

Another good paperback, this one written by the author of The Joy of Sex, Dr. Alex Comfort, is The Facts of Love, an illustrated, easy-to-understand guide. Dr. Calderone has written the highly useful The Family Book About Sexuality. Finally, there is Sex: The Facts, the Acts & Your Feelings, by Michael Carrera, which is one of the most informative volumes on sex ever published.

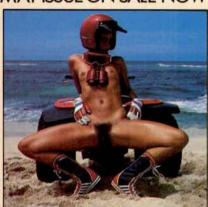
Sex is all around us. It's portrayed in the movies, on television and in books. We can't avoid the topic, even if we would want to. Dr. June Dobbs Butts, a clinical researcher with the Masters and Johnson clinic in St. Louis, comments, "Our young children are being 'educated' with or without parental consent."

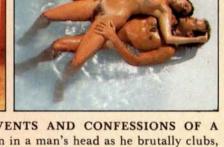
The time for action is not after 14-year-old Lisa comes home pregnant or ten-year-old Tommy gets VD, but before. No child should have to endure the agony of an unplanned pregnancy or a venereal disease because a few self-appointed moral "do-gooders" decide kids shouldn't know about sex—or because their parents are too embarrassed to tell them.









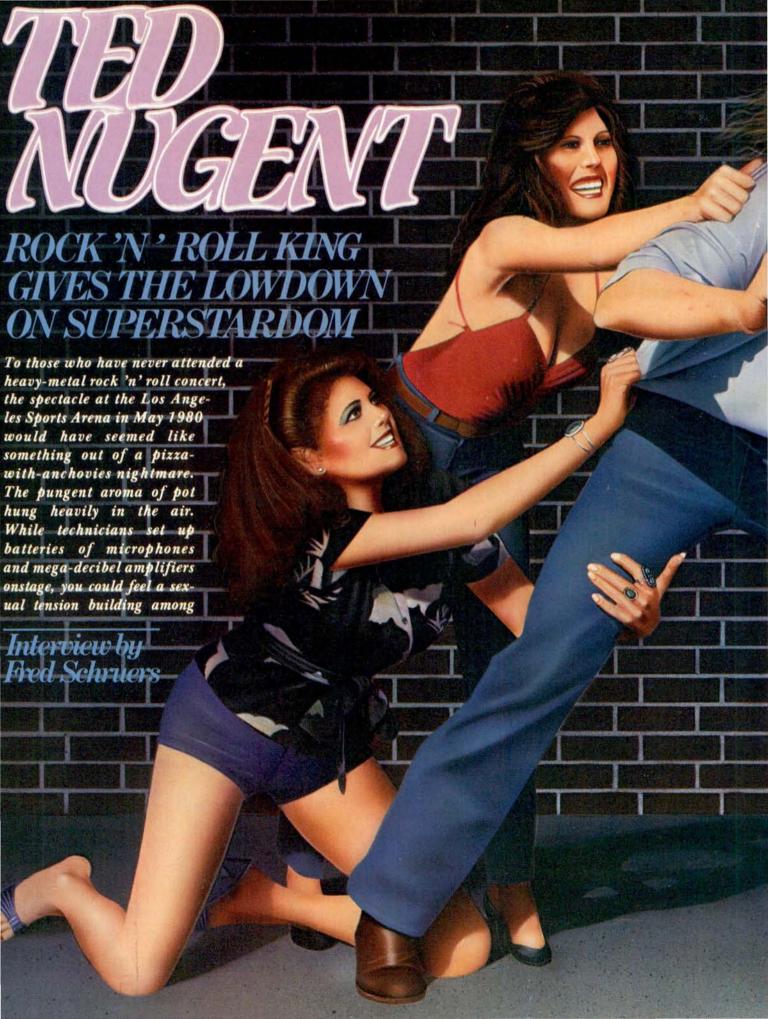


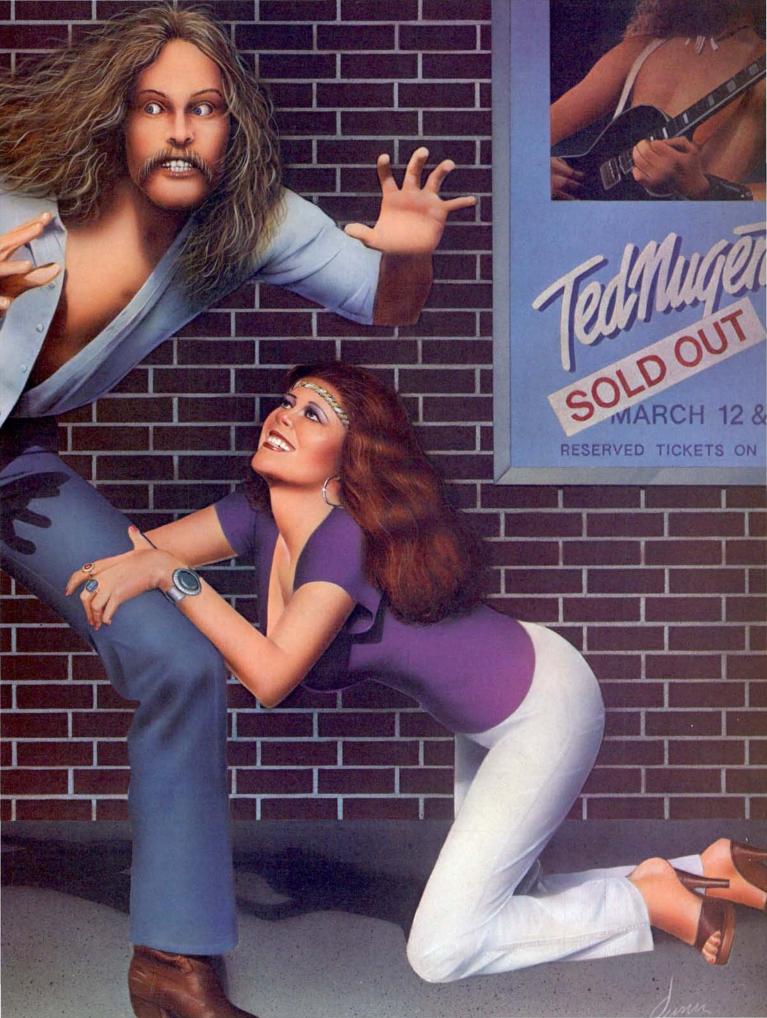
RE-CREATION OF BLOODY EVENTS AND CONFESSIONS OF A MASS MURDERER—What goes on in a man's head as he brutally clubs, stabs and shoots to death 13 helpless men, women and children? Former honor student Herbert Mullin showed no mercy for his victims, and claims drugs and a need to prove his manhood drove him to madness. Associate Editor Susan J. Olesker visited Mullin in prison to wring the answers from his twisted mind.

HITLER WORSHIPER—Jews are "public-enemy number one." So says right-wing racist Willis Carto, a man who reveres Adolph Hitler and plans to "purify" the United States. The driving force behind several extremist media outlets, Carto contends the World War II Holocaust—in which the Nazis murdered 6 million Jews—never happened. Read Michael Ross' shocking profile of a power-hungry anti-Semite who vows to make his dream of white supremacy come true right here in America.

HE WAS A BIG-CITY COWBOY — Spurs and spittin' are marks of a badass cowboy, and city-bred Bucky Badorties has set his sights on being New York's version of Jesse James. So he buys the meanest western garb and wins himself a hot-blooded lady who wants him to prove he's macho in more places than just the bedroom. But when Bucky meets danger head-on in the toughest part of the South Bronx, he finds out clothes don't necessarily make the man. Straight-shooting fiction by E. Van Lowe.

PLUS—A brand-new section of fascinating info called TRIVIA TRIP, the fact, fantasy and oddball entertainment of ODDS & ENDS, a DOPE column about dangerous "lookalike" drugs, partners who like to party in CLASSI-FIED FOR SWINGERS and, as always, a sassy collection of breathtakingly beautiful women.





the 13,200 fans. Squeals of anticipation greeted the dimming of the houselights. Then, suddenly, as a galaxy of multicolored spotlights zeroed in on superstar Ted Nugent, all hell broke loose.

Making a grand entrance, the longhaired macho man of rock swung on a vine like a modern-day Tarzan. He was wearing only a loin cloth and animalskin boots. A demonic grin wrinkled his handsome, cleft-chinned face. He stared wildly. Seconds later, Nugent launched into the opening, sledgehammer guitar chords of one of his most popular tunes, "I Am a Predator." Shrieks from the ecstatic gathering were deafening.

Nugent's theatrical antics were nothing out of the ordinary. At other concerts he has run screaming onto the stage, growling like a wild beast. Often he stands next to the microphone, violently pounding his chest. It's not unusual for him to jump off seven-foothigh speakers, accompanied by a jangling barrage of chords. And if unruly audiences antagonize him, he has a history of leaping from the stage and pummeling his adversaries. No wonder he is considered one of the most dynamic performers in the multibillion-dollar music business.

The 33-year-old Nugent's durability as a sex symbol comes close to that of Mick Jagger and Rod Stewart. He's one of the leading practitioners of what is known as "raunch rock," and does little to discourage that image. "My idea of heavenly bliss is six legs wrapped around me," he once remarked.

Nugent delivered a more-direct message to the audience during that 1980 show in Los Angeles. "Ted's not happy tonight," he told them. "Why isn't Ted happy? I won't have time to eat all that fine, fine pussy I see out there." The crowd went bananas. Maintenance workers, cleaning the Sports Arena following the concert, reported the distinct smell of urine beneath many seats. Clearly the haunting spell of the "Motor City Madman" had prevented many of the turned-on young ladies from restraining themselves.

To hear the Detroit-born Nugent tell it, he's had that sort of magical impact on women ever since his first professional performance, leading the Royal High Boys at the local fairgrounds. He was all of ten at the time. Two years later he dyed his hair platinum, started a band called the Lourds and was on the verge of signing a recording contract when he relocated with his parents to Chicago.

"We were the cat's ass in Detroit," he recalls. "We were rockin' sons of bitches. I was totally bummed out havin' to move."

Nugent next emerged as leader of the Amboy Dukes, a group that played to dope-crazed kids at seedy converted ballrooms. After graduating from a Catholic boys high school in 1967, he moved the band back to Detroit, and it released a moderately successful album featuring "Baby Please Don't Go," a supercharged Delta blues number. In 1968 the Dukes achieved an international top-ten hit with "Journey to the Center of Your Mind." In all, the group recorded eight albums, including Marriage on the Rocks/Rock Bottom—an ironic forecast of Nugent's marital problems.

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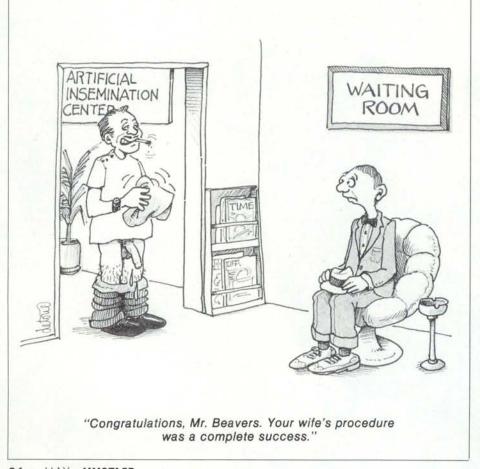
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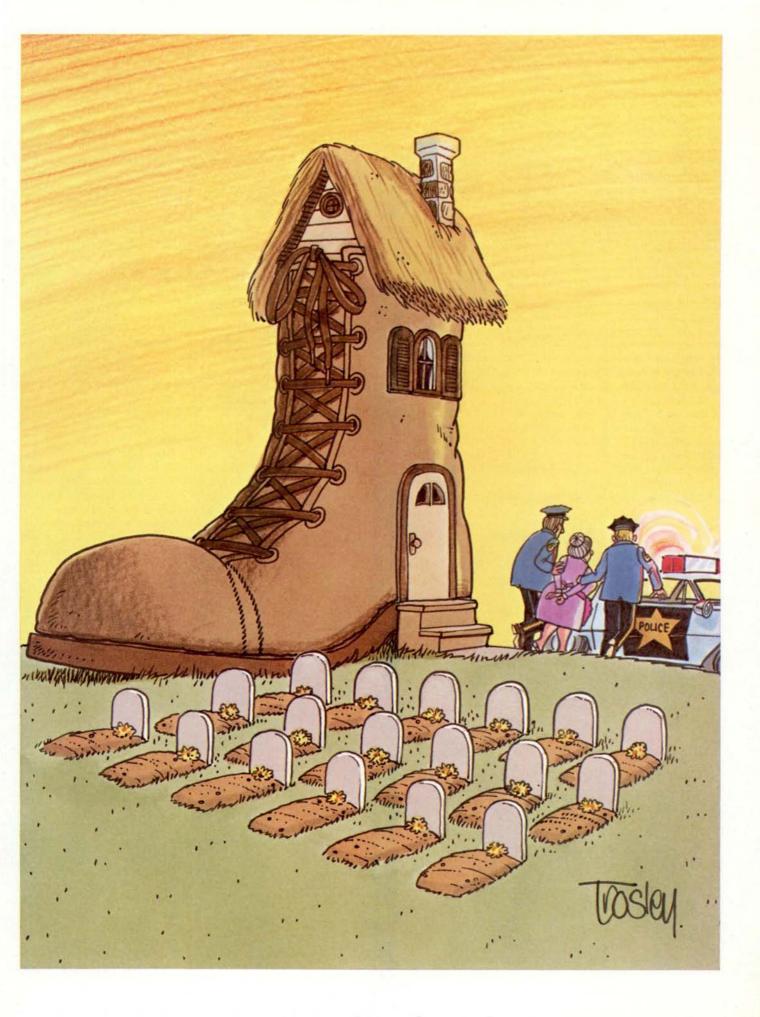
Financial success has enabled Nugent to acquire a 240-acre farm near Detroit, on which he maintains 28 Clydesdale horses and a prize-winning herd of 6,500 female minks used for breeding. His lucrative real-estate holdings include hotels and apartment buildings. When Nugent is not performing, there's ample evidence his macho image is more than just an act. He drives a specially made \$100,000 Ford Bronco in off-road-vehicle races against professionals and is an adept marksman, using his extensive gun collection on duck- and deer-hunting expeditions. Much of what he kills, along with fish he catches in nearby streams, winds up on the family table.

The father of two children, now aged eight and five, he was married for eight years to the former Sandra Jezowski, daughter of a Florida concert promoter. That marriage ended two years ago in a bitter divorce, and Sandra has since been replaced by Pele Massa, a Polynesian beauty who—as they say in the gossip columns—is Nugent's constant companion.

When HUSTLER interviewer Fred Schruers caught up with Nugent during a series of SRO concerts at the Brendan Byrne Arena at the Meadowlands sports complex in New Jersey, Pele was very much in evidence. Dressed in a skimpy bikini, she wandered in and out of Nugent's hotel room, often sprawling across the bed to nuzzle and kiss her reclining boyfriend. But clearly, Nugent's shattered marriage was on his mind.

NUGENT: The divorce was a very sad thing in my life. It hit me like a ton of bricks. Sandra and I met in Florida in 1969. She was this snotty little gorgeous brunette who wouldn't have nothing to do with me. I wasn't used to that. She was just so beautiful, I really wanted her





bad. I just became enthralled with her. Finally, we fucked, and I fell in love. Today I can't stand the ground she walks on. I feel very sorry for her.

HUSTLER: According to news reports, your wife's attorney attempted to show you as an unfit husband and father based on your notorious sexual escapades. How successful was he?

NUGENT: He blew it. My manager joked about his strategy. He said that if the attorney wanted to ream my ass in court, all he'd have to do was put an ad in Rolling Stone asking for any women who ever had a sexual encounter with Ted Nugent to call a certain number. But he wasn't smart enough to do that. Now I might add that I've always taken great pains in my relationships to be nice-never to be a typical rock 'n' roll abuser. So I really wouldn't mind any chick I've ever touched, talked to or rendezvoused with sitting down and telling the truth. Some of the stuff the lawyer tried to pin on me-like stories that had been written about the time I supposedly had five virgins and left bloody walls in Portland, Oregon-was hogwash. I read one story aloud, dealing with me playing "Johnny B. Goode" on my own umbilical cord and then eating it. The judge practically had to leave the bench, he was laughing so hard.

HUSTLER: Is it possible the lawyer was

confusing your personal life with the lyrics of your songs?

NUGENT: Maybe so. Like in "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang," where I sing, "She's so sweet/When she yanks on my meat." Or in "Sweet Sally," where the lyrics go, "Young girls always turn me on/Some of them more than most/They know just what I like/And I get it from coast to coast." Then there's "Tight Spot," which goes, "You make it all worthwhile/With your vertical smile/ You always make me hot/When I'm in your tight spots." And how about "Wank Me, Crank Me," with its immortal words, "I need you baby, like a dog needs a bone/I think I got one here of me real well could get the wrong idea.

my own"? Somebody who didn't know HUSTLER: What was the basis of your wife's filing for divorce? NUGENT: She said I beat her, which wasn't true. I'm not violent. I hit her once with an open hand; anybody else would probably have killed her. She told me that she was really fed up with my sexual activities on the road and that if I didn't quit, she'd leave. So I quit. About that time, I remember this chick who kept hangin' out, wantin' to sample the almighty bone. I kept tellin' her, "Listen, baby, the only crotch I'm gettin' anywhere near tonight is when I change my little boy's diapers."

"Let's play carnival! You sit on my face, and I'll try to guess your weight!"

But when I quit fooling around, Sandra wouldn't have anything to do with me sexually. Now, I have vast needs, and I've always thought she was one of the sexiest, most exotic, erotic women in the world. I would trip over my tongue to get to her. I was not getting sex anywhere else, and she'd undress in front of me, stand in front of the mirror washing her face at night, and I'd have to watch her. I would go ber-fucking-serk. Crazed. I wanted to fucking make love to her. She goes, "No, no, I can't."

I'm going out of my mind. I've got a boner up to the ceiling, and she's doing the Watusi in front of my nose. "Don't give me this 'no' shit," I said. "Bitch, you're had." She started crying, and I couldn't deal with that. I wanted to rape her. Then she made some snide, degrading comment, and I just turned around and smack laid into her. I went out that night, down to Miami, and fucked my brains out. I was a naive little dipshit when I got married. Now I'm overly protective.

HUSTLER: How have things worked out for you and your family since the divorce settlement?

NUGENT: The Ted Nugent divorce system works flawlessly. The original design is that my daughter, Sasha, and son, Toby, will live at, on, or just down the road from my farm until they're 18. I will spend January with them, then go to work, and their mother will spend February with them. She'll leave in March, and then I'll be back with them for a month. There'll be a consistency in their environment. They stay with me in the farmhouse one month, then during her month with them they live in a house I bought for Sandra just a halfmile down the road. They are still in the same school system, the same neighborhood, with the same friends, and never more than a few doors from Mom or Dad. It just works perfectly for me. I can go and become this irresponsible, irrational rock 'n' roll prick for 30 days and nights if I decide I want to go that route. I call them every day, and I send them little things. So they have a copy of Who's Your Furry Friend? (a child's book) along with Guns & Ammo magazine.

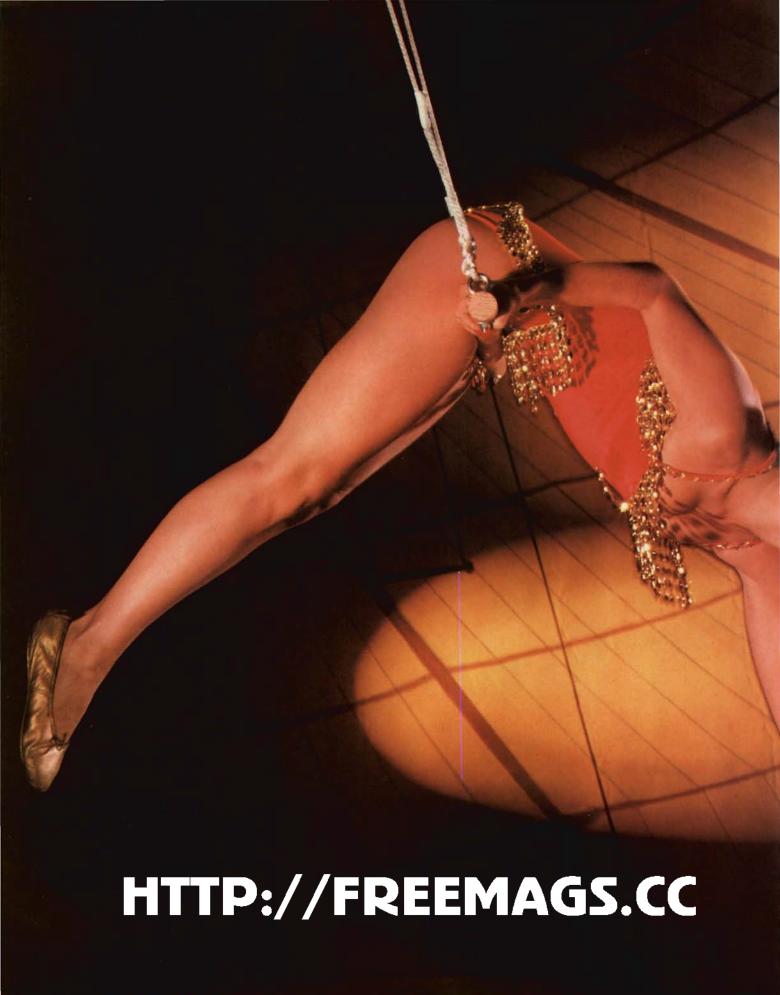
HUSTLER: How did your kids react to the divorce?

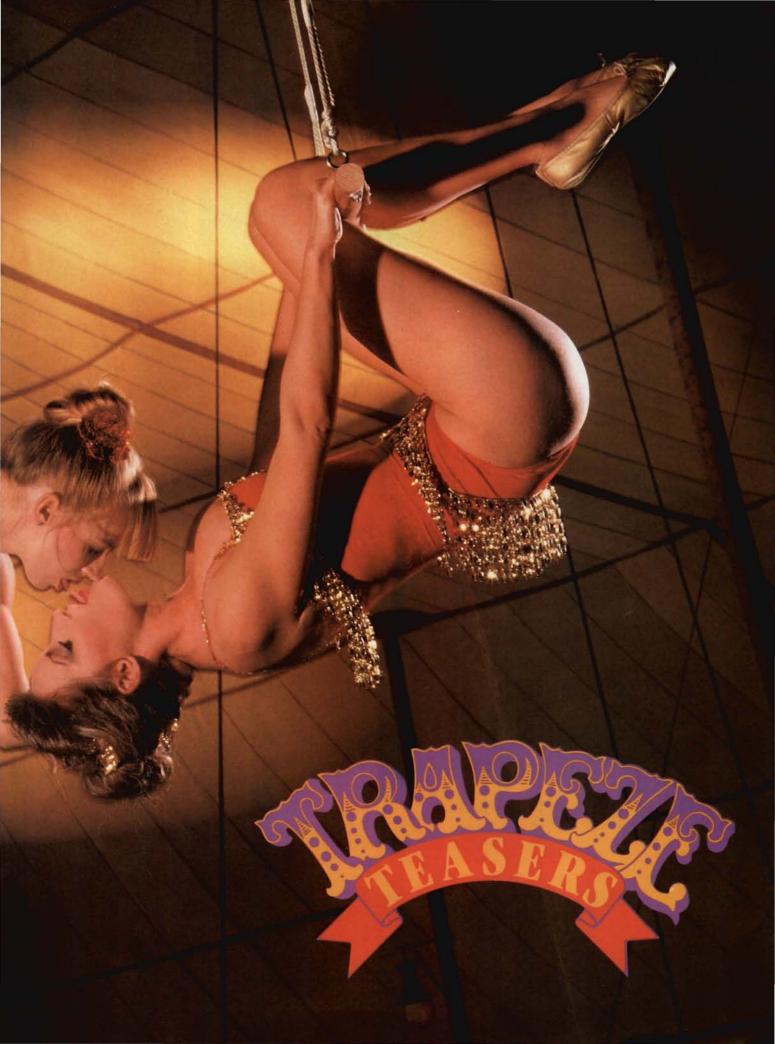
NUGENT: They saw the fighting at a young age. I've never cried so hard in my life as the day that I was going through this damn pain of losing my wife and getting the family ripped apart. Sasha was four or five, and I was trying to love her with everything I had. Whenever I gave her back to her

(continued on page 48)



"The chili looks good."

















(continued from page 38)

mother, I'd say, 'Give Mommy a big kiss for Daddy, and be good for Mommy.' Always very pro-Mommy. But I saw this vacant look on Sasha's face one day as I was driving her and Toby back to their mother's house in Florida. She said, 'Daddy, let's stop and get Mommy some flowers, and then we can all live together again.' I had to pull off the road and go into a restaurant to regain my composure.

But I betcha my children come through this social malady with less problems than any such children in the history of the world. I went after those kids' right to stability and to my loveand to their mother's love as well, as much as I hated her during all thiswith such a power that they never missed out on any of the love, affection or attention they needed at the time. I beat my skull bloody in an attempt to do this. I spent virtually every penny of profit I had in late '77 to '78 to have my own jet throughout a 52-city tour so that every night I could fly down to Florida and wake up with them, take them to

HUSTLER: When your ex-wife has the children, is there another man around? NUGENT: Yeah. She's been with a guy

named Michael for a while. I ascertained early on that he seemed like a decent type of guy, good with kids.

HUSTLER: Do you and he get along?

NUGENT: Let me put it this way. He was at the farm once when I came by to pick up the kids. I saw him looking out the window. A wild dog ran down behind the orchard and into the road, about 80 yards away. I pulled out my .357 Magnum, drilled that big fucking wild dog and reshouldered the weapon. I've never had any trouble with the guy. HUSTLER: Do you carry a gun?

NUGENT: I keep one in my belt all the time. It's a 9mm Walther that uses a short bullet, which is your basic self-defense round. The ammo goes in the size of a finger and comes out the size of a Frisbee. The U. S. Army, in fact, is replacing its old .45-caliber sidearms with 9mm's. That's a wise decision. It's been proved that a 9mm is faster, gets more penetration and has substantial wallop. It's an incapacitating round.

HUSTLER: Have you ever used the gun in self-defense?

NUGENT: I think Creem magazine had me killing two guys once; but no, I've never had to use it to defend myself. I don't think I'll have to because I'm not your typical potential prey victim. But it's better to have it and not need it than need it and not have it. I'm defense-

oriented, but I'm not obsessed with it. The reason I'm well-versed in this gun stuff is that I shoot with the state troopers in Michigan. They come by my farm. I can outshoot them all. They have stories that would just make you cringe.

Last year their buddies got a call that a rape was in progress. The cops in Los Angeles and a few other mentally deficient communities are forced to carry solid-lead bullets— totally worthless for stopping an assailant. Two cops responded to the rape-in-progress report, pulled into an alley, and there was a 300-pound black son of a bitch with one dead woman next to him. He was in the process of killing and raping the fuck out of the other one.

The cops said, "Halt!," and drew their weapons. But he came at them. They emptied their guns into him-12 bullets in the son of a bitch's chest and abdomen-and he still got ahold of one cop. He was choking him to death with all the power of a fully capable individual when the cop's partner reached for his illegal hollow point and blew the son of a bitch's brains out. If the bleeding heart, irresponsible, in essence criminal, liberals would shut the fuck up for a minute and pay attention to documentation and facts, they would see that the gun is there for a purpose and that to fill it with worthless fodder is tantamount to a crime.

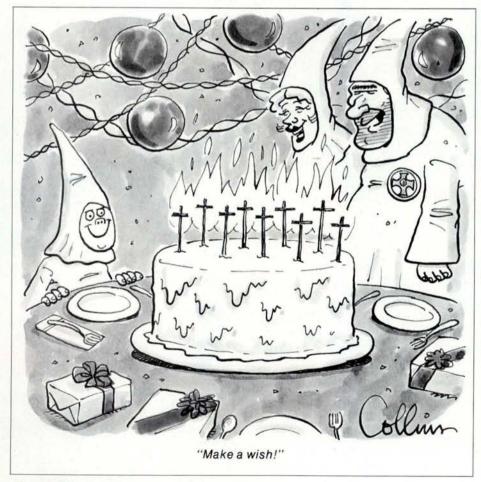
HUSTLER: Then why have the restrictions been so widely adopted?

NUGENT: Because the people in charge aren't educated in current ballistics and are heavily pressured by liberal saps. You know, I drool every time I see pictures of Brooke Shields. But when I read an article where she said she supported gun control, I realized that's to be expected from a 16-year-old, confined-lifestyle model. She probably read that in Hitler's Mein Kampf. That was one of his first maneuvers, to make sure only the police had firearms.

HUSTLER: Many people are surprised that President Reagan, after being shot, still doesn't advocate gun control.

NUGENT: Of course not. He knows where it's at. The real issue is not gun control; it's a crime issue, a mentality issue. We have in America, by extremely conservative estimates, half a billion firearms in the private community—including rifles and shotguns. Who in their right mind thinks there is the feeblest hope of controlling that amount of weapons? If I wanted to get an illegal gun, I'd go to New York City, and I'd have my choice of any weapon I wanted—cheaper on the streets than in a sporting-goods shop. You want a grenade, I'll get you a grenade.

HUSTLER: How did you react to the





"Something's gotta be done about the price of meat!"

news of John Lennon's murder outside his New York City apartment?

NUGENT: I'm afraid that I can't respond any more intensely to the fact that John Lennon got shot than to the unknown guy who might be getting shot right this minute somewhere else. John's death was a shame, but I cannot give it any more prestige than a slashing victim on Skid Row. Above all, it's a grim reminder to society that even though New York's Mayor Koch and a bunch of other assholes are trying to disarm everybody, individuals will always be able to come into the city with a gun or get a gun and do what they damn well please.

Instead of picking his nose or leaving his hands in his pockets, the doorman at Lennon's building should have been a qualified marksman. Any pistolero worth his salt would have got into his fucking combat crouch and had that son of a bitch dropped before he could get a killing shot into John.

Let me give you a perfect example of how things should work. Recently in the Mount Clemens district of Detroit, something interesting happened. They have had a high crime rate there for years-holdups by gun-wielding criminals. This wife of a liquor-store owner went through the local law-enforcement course. She got herself a couple of pistols and learned her shit. Before long, two armed thugs came in, put a gun to her 11-year-old son's head and demanded that she turn over the cash. Her husband walked in, asked what was going on, and they shot him. Then the woman came up from under the counter with a .357 and a .32 and shot both of those cocksuckers dead. How much do you wanna bet ain't nobody gonna fuck with that liquor store again?

HUSTLER: Unless it's somebody who thinks he's a real gunslinger.

NUGENT: No way. Ain't no criminals who think they're gunslingers. They're all pro-gun control. Because if they have a choice, they're gonna go into the place where the law-abiding citizens have got no defense. They ain't fuckin' around in New Mexico, Jack. They ain't fuckin' around in San Antone.

HUSTLER: Some critics say your violent, heavy-handed music is an expression of the violent society in which we live. Would you agree?

NUGENT: That's bullshit. To call it that is like saying you're violent when you're making love, just because there's slamming going on. There's nothing violent about my music. It's just very intense and involved.

HUSTLER: Rock 'n' roll musicians are notorious for using drugs and boozing it up. How about yourself?

NUGENT: I hate to disappoint you, but as I've often said before, I'm straighter than Ozzie and Harriet. Before my Rolling Stone article a couple of years ago a lot of people considered me a gonzilectomy beyond hope. In fact, I'm very down-to-earth, go-America-oriented with my values centered on my family, my friends and my livelihood. My feeling is that drugs and booze are nowhere near as good as sex or a turkey dinner.

A couple of my bass players got strung out on dope, and it was nauseating. The chemicals just sucked them dry and destroyed all their talent. That doesn't mean I'm a virgin as far as drugs are concerned. Before I went down to the draft board for my pre-induction physical, I snorted some crystal methedrine-the most concentrated form of speed. It makes your heart pump like crazy. Although I wouldn't recommend that for others, it worked for me. I wound up being classified 4-F.

HUSTLER: What other drugs have you done?

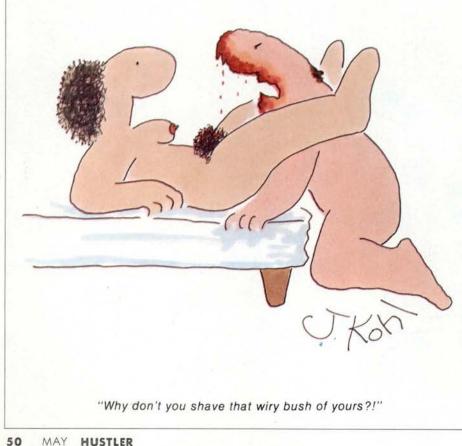
NUGENT: I smoked a bunch of dope in '67 with the MC5. You must remember them. They were a Detroit band, a bunch of radical White Panthers who recorded "Kick Out the Jams, Motherfuckers." The dope smelled and tasted great. Everybody else was floppin' in the corner like gaffed bonitos on a sunlit beach. And I was sittin' there sayin', "What's goin' on? I don't feel nothin." I wound up going out, getting laid and realizing, once again, that was the ultimate.

One time I did cocaine that came from this A-1 distributor in Detroit, and I felt a sensation. I got a little flighty. There is a chemical reaction you just cannot avoid. But it was nothing much. It was bullshit. How could I want to be like that? I never gave a flyin' fuck about drugs. Not then and certainly not now-when I'm older and wiser.

HUSTLER: Do you feel yourself slowing down at age 33?

NUGENT: No way. The filmed and taped footage I've seen of me playing this year kicks mucho ass on all past footage. I am out-gyrating, out-moving and out-rocking anything previous. That sort of shocks me, since I've been doing it all these damn years. I'm playing Buffalo for the 12th time, Cleveland for the 20th and Detroit for the 30th. But when I check out the films, I've got more balls than I ever had.

On a personal level, as I grow older I find that, generally speaking, numbers have nothing to do with enjoying sex. Age really doesn't have anything to do with it either. I've met up with some absolutely gorgeous 15-year-olds, and if



The brutal whack of a rifle butt sends the haggard prisoner sprawling face forward on a cold concrete floor. His back is crisscrossed with ugly red welts, the result of constant beatings. Hollow circles ring his eyes; he has been denied sleep for days. A starvation diet has reduced his body to that of a skeleton. He is surrounded by a nasty bunch of Orientals armed with butcher knives Beheaded torture victim lies sprawled in Chinese street and wooden clubs. A blinding beam of light (top). Breasts have been carved from mortally wounded prisoner as part of "Death of a Thousand Cuts" punshows the fear on the man's unshaven face. "We ishment (bottom).



have ways to make you talk, Yankee pig," one of the interrogators snarls.

The weary POW shudders as he's strapped into a chair. He realizes that any number of deranged tortures—the breaking of bones, the carving of flesh, the insertion of electric prods up his ass—may be moments away.

Such hideous deeds don't only take place in the imagination of B-movie scriptwriters. Every day, in some part of the world, they actually happen to average working people as well as political extremists. Amnesty International, the renowned human-rights organization, reports that 60 nations systematically practice various forms of torture. In fact, the 20th century has witnessed some of the most bloody and barbaric real-life tortures in the history of mankind.

The Shah of Iran's notorious SAVAK secret police routinely inserted bottles into prisoners' rectums and barbecued victims on heated electric grills, a process that later restricted their ability to walk and reduced them to crawling on all fours. During the war in Vietnam, prisoners were hung inverted from meat hooks by their shackled ankles. Others were tied up and imprisoned in bamboo cages so small that they were unable to stand.

Repressive government forces in El Salvador have castrated innocent peasants and gouged out their eyes. Severed heads have been found with their throats stripped away and, in many cases, with signs that facial skin was slowly peeled off while the individuals were still alive. Under the regime of Ugandan dictator Idi Amin, beatings, electroshock, massacres, mutilations, and the flogging of prisoners to death were the order of the day.

In addition to injecting prisoners with lethal doses of typhus and jaundice, Adolf Hitler's demented scientists left naked victims in the snow and in ice-water tanks—so-called "medical experiments" designed to see how much cold a human being could endure before he died. Today the Soviet Union customarily places its dissidents in "psychiatric hospitals," where their will to resist is eradicated by mind-bending drugs.

Whatever the method, an inescapable fact emerges from such mindless behavior: The cowardly act of torture has



always ranked as one of man's ultimate inhumanities to his fellow man.

As far back as the 6th century A.D., and for the next 1,300 years, savage strangulation and decapitation served as standard death penalties in Imperial China. Strangulation, the slower and more-painful alternative, was described by Ernest Alabaster in Notes and Commentaries on Chinese Criminal Law: "The executioner throws the victim down upon his face, and then sits astride him, twisting a cord around his neck," he wrote. "Then, as speedily as he can—though slowly in



effect—he strangles his victim. If the executioner is not skillful, the experience must be worse than that of hanging prolonged, bad as that is."

But even more excruciating was the grisly "Death of a Thousand Cuts," in which an adept swordsman sliced a victim's body 999 times before delivering the mortal blow. When the Sung Dynasty assumed control in 11th-century China, ling ch'ih, or "death by slicing," was widely employed to punish the crimes of treason; murder of a mother, father or close relative; mutilation of a living person for purposes of witchcraft; and murder of three or more persons belonging to the same family.

"The offender is tied to a cross and, by a series of painful but not in themselves mortal cuts, his body is sliced beyond recognition," Alabaster reported. "This punishment is not inflicted so much as a torture, but to destroy the future as well as the present life of the offender—he is unworthy to



Ritualistic decapitation and flogging (left and three photos above) were widespread in mainland China before the Communist takeover by Mao Tse-tung in 1949.







A decapitated head placed in a corpse's crotch (left) was the ultimate shame not only for the victim, but also for his family. The heads of executed prisoners were often fastened to a stake and shown in public, along with a

detailed recapitulation of crimes for which they were convicted (center). Awaiting death, condemned prisoners were painfully incarcerated inside primitive wooden cages (right).

exist longer either as a man or a recognizable spirit. As spirits to appear must assume their previous corporeal [bodily] forms, he can only appear as a collection of little bits. It is not a lingering death, for it is all over in a few seconds, and the *coup de grace* [death blow] is generally given on the third cut. In short, though the punishment is severe and revolting, it is not so painful as the half-hanging, disemboweling and final quartering practiced in England not so very long ago."

Generally speaking, the Oriental executioner made eight cuts upon the victim's face, his two hands and two feet, his breast and then his stomach. The final cut lopped off his head. But it took a real master of sadism to carve up the prisoner doomed to the "Death of a Thousand Cuts." And if there were a Guinness Book of World Records entry for this form of torture, it



A severed head hangs from a scaffolding of death, its mouth open in everlasting agony.

would have to be the death suffered by the Ming eunuch Liu Chin in 1510. As a penalty for the man's "gross political machinations," his body was gouged no less than 4,700 times—each cut being accompanied by a blow of the whip.

Almost five centuries later, in modern-day India, some particularly diabolical twists had been added to the systematic torture of political prisoners. Starting in June 1975, when Prime Minister Indira Gandhi declared a state of emergency, repressive police took delight in inflicting inhumane treatment on members of opposing parties.

Notable among these tortures were the following:

*Inserting live wires in body crevices.

'Hanging victims by their hair until they became unconscious.

*Denying prisoners food, water and sleep.

*Making them drink their own urine.

*Burning skin with lighted cigarettes and wax candles.

*Rubbing bodies with poisonous caterpillars.

*Punching eyes until they bulged out of their sockets.







Executioners check prisoners about to be lashed to death (top). A bloody corpse grovels on the ground after whipping (center). Aides examine a "Death of a Thousand Cuts" victim, whose torso is being secured for additional slicing (bottom).

*Stripping victims and making them lie on slabs of ice.

*Beating them on the spine and genitals.

*Stomping on bare bodies with heavy-heeled boots until skin turned blue and red.

*Severe beating on the soles of feet.

*Making prisoners crouch for hours in a Z position

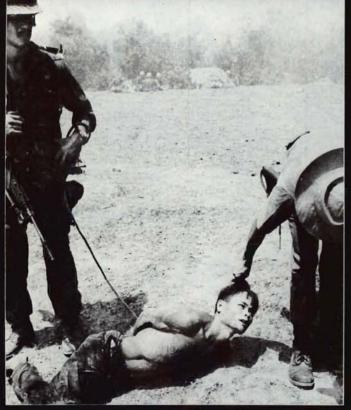
'Releasing rats, chameleons and lizards up the legs of victims and tightly securing the bottoms of their trousers—finding no way out, the rodents scratched and bit prisoners' legs and genitals.

*Severe slapping of both ears until blood oozed and victims lost consciousness.

*Beating with rifle butts and clubs

In December 1975 eight individuals were arrested in Madhya Pradesh for advocating passive resistance and non-cooperation with the regime. "Forced to lie naked, they were asked to do unnatural sex acts with one another," notes a tract called Torture of Political Prisoners in India. "If they refused, their daughters or mothers would be brought [to the police station], and they would be forced to commit incest. The police had become so power-drunk that when these eight were produced in court, the relatives and friends who came to give bails were themselves arrested and the bail amount forfeited."

Hemant Kumar Vishnoi, secretary of the Delhi University Union, was arrested with his fellow students while picnicking at New Delhi's Buddha Gardens. In prison he was hanged upside down and beaten. Burning candles were applied to his bare soles. Chili powder was smeared into his nose and rectum. Still, Vishnoi refused to acknowledge a nonexistent plot against the prime minister, and eventually he was released.



In Chu Lai, South Vietnam, interpreter pulls up Viet Cong prisoner by hair as U.S. Marine holds rope binding captured guerrilla's wrists.

When another political detainee, Satya Prakash, refused to confess to police after enduring beatings with rods and shoes, he was turned over to higher officers. They forced him to remove his clothes and ordered him to lie down on a cot. First his bare soles were punctured with rods. Then he was tied in a bundle of iron chains, hung from a ceiling fan and whirled around while his body was beaten at every turn.

One favorite police torture technique was known as "the aeroplane." The victim's hands were tied behind him with a rope, which was then inserted over a pulley on the ceiling. The victim was pulled up a few feet above ground and dangled in midair, hanging from his bound hands. Vomiting



Viet Cong suspect hangs by feet during interrogation by Chinese Nung mercenaries working with U.S. Special Forces unit in Duc Phong, South Vietnam.

and loss of consciousness were the inevitable results of this prolonged treatment.

Naturally, no discussion of torture would be complete without mention of the many atrocities committed during the repugnant recent war in Vietnam. The most popular North Vietnamese torture involved the use of ropes or straps, forcing the victim to double up with his head between his legs. In another, a man was propped on a wooden stool and required to stay in place for days with no sleep. Some prisoners were locked up in a "hot box," a completely enclosed, unventilated metal shed. Stocks or leg irons were used to restrict movement, a particularly unpleasant torture for those suffering from dysentery, as did most POWs in Southeast Asia.

Army Sergeant First Class Carroll Edward Flora Jr., of Walkersville, Maryland, was a tough, 25-year-old Green Beret captured by North Vietnamese troops in Laos. These reminiscences were recounted in *They Wouldn't Let Us Die*, by Stephen A. Rowan: "Three Special Forces men were found



Charged with being involved in call-girl racket, this resident of Rawalpindi, Pakistan, was sentenced to 15 lashes and a year's imprisonment by military court. He winces in pain while being lashed with oil-soaked Malacca cane as more than 10,000 people watch his public humiliation.

hanging upside down. Gasoline had been poured all over them [and lighted] while they were alive. I know of another man, captured in a Montagnard village. They took him and, while he was still alive, nailed his beret to his head....

"[The Viet Cong's] lavatories were made out of bamboo and mud. This particular one had caved in. So they took me out, and they set me in that. The next day or the day after, whenever it was—I never was conscious long enough to get my time oriented—I noticed littly fuzzy balls all over me. And then, hours later, I came to, and had a burning sensa-

tion in my armpits and around my groin. I put my hand under my armpits, and there were maggots. And then it dawned on me what they were doing. As long as I had blood all over me, the flies would be attracted to me and lay their eggs, and the eggs would hatch. I've got scars to prove it, under my armpits and in my groin, where the maggots were 'eating' me."

Navy Commander Robert H. Shumaker was captured in February 1965 after his F-8 fighter was shot down: "The summer of '67 was the worst for me," the airman recalled. "There was a lot of torturing going on. I was forced to make a movie and play the role of a wounded American. . . . The guards stood on my knees with my arms tied at the elbow, thumbs tied together with a string, and they bent my head down till I touched my feet.

"To keep me from screaming, they had a rag on a long metal rod that they shoved down my throat. They did some nerve damage to the extent that I have a little trouble swallowing now....I can recall praying for death... and finding my-

self a little envious of my buddies who had been killed."

The sole purpose of torture is almost identical everywhere—to obtain information about opposition forces, subversives and terrorists, while also intimidating would-be dissidents. "No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment," argues the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. But as long as repressive governments continue to exist and wars continue to be fought, one of the grim realities of civilization is that torture will always be with us.

—Richard Warren Lewis







American GI is trapped in replica of medieval stock on U.S. Army escapeand-evasion course in West Germany (left). At military concentration camp for airborne-commando candidates in Brazil, soldier is gagged,

bound to stake and left in rain until he signs "confession" (center). Then he's tied inside windmill-like structure called "the resting place" (right). Some who flunk out cry like babies. Others require hospitalization.

(continued from page 50)

they're not experienced, within the hour they are. There's also firm, coy 30- and 35-year-olds. I like 'em small and firm. I don't like them "wild." You know, crazy nose humpers. I'm really intrigued by a quiet little standoffish chick. Definitely "offish." I'd really like to set up camp in Brooke Shields' ass. She's gotta be cleaner than me.

HUSTLER: Since you consider yourself such an expert on women, let's discuss some ongoing women's issues. How do you feel about training females for Army combat?

NUGENT: No problem. Find a chick who can prove herself in maneuvers, give her a gun and let her get out there and do it. There are a lot of tough macho broads who want to ERA their little pussies off. If they can pass the test, let them go into combat. But the general run of the female population belongs behind a desk—or under me.

HUSTLER: What are your views on abortion?

NUGENT: My natural response is that it's really the woman's decision. I don't think the government should pay for jack shit. If the chick wants an abortion, let her accomplish it with the means at hand. If that means an expensive

surgeon and she can afford it, fine. If that means doing it in an alley with a coat hanger, that's the breaks.

HUSTLER: But what if she's a rape victim?

NUGENT: Whose fault is that? What does the government have to do with somebody getting raped?

HUSTLER: It provides compensation to victims of other violent crimes.

NUGENT: Well, fine, if they catch the son of a bitch, they should get the compensation from him, not from you or me. I believe in independence in its purest form. I don't believe the government should fiddle with anybody's personal situations.

HUSTLER: Should the government build nuclear-power plants, a situation that ultimately could affect all of us?

NUGENT: Nuclear energy should be totally abandoned and fought against to the last drop of blood. It's been shown that there is nothing you can do with the waste. In the event of an accident, you're up Shit Creek without a paddle. HUSTLER: Would you organize or play at an antinuke benefit?

NUGENT: No, because that's jackin' off. That's pissin' in the wind. The nonukes thing hasn't done squat. There has to be an intelligent, widespread consciousness in our society indicating to our legislatures that we won't have it.

The consequences of nuclear radiation—or even worse, a nuclear war and its aftermath—are too great a risk to take. If that day ever comes, I'm already prepared. I had freeze-dried food stored in my basement along with multiple weapons, assault rifles and obnoxious amounts of ammunition long before the word survival was found anywhere but on the cover of my Survival of the Fittest album in 1971.

HUSTLER: You've managed to survive almost 20 years in a fickle business in which yesterday's heroes are often to-day's has-beens. Who are some of the musicians who have impressed you dur-

ing those years?

NUGENT: I'd give my left nut if I could sing lead like Bob Seger or Lou Gramm (of Foreigner) or Paul Rodgers (of Free and later Bad Company) or that guy from Scotland, Frankie Miller (the whiskey-voiced blues singer known for his Full House LP). Wilson Pickett has always blown my mind. James Brown is a master, the original magic feet. Mick Jagger is the ultimate. The Stones' first album still breaks my brain in half, like when he sings, "I'm a King Bee." What a swine. That's the greatest. What a cur. And the late Brian Iones, the lead guitar line he played in "Last Time" was phenomenal.

HUSTLER: What do you think about Keith Richards?

NUGENT: Pure snot. Pure, unadulterated, crusty guitar playing—one of the all-time best. I'd put him on the same level as Hendrix, even though the technical aspect is not there. I mean, Hendrix was a technical genius, a "feel" genius and an attitude genius.

HUSTLER: You're talking about people who have been notoriously wasted on drugs.

NUGENT: I know. It blows my mind. I don't know how to defend my antichemical and anti-liquor stance when those guys were so into it. They're masters. They just got it down, that's all.

HUSTLER: What have you been working on recently in the studio?

NUGENT: An album that's gonna blow your dick off. It's un-fuckin'-canny. I'm calling it Baptism by Fire, and I've supervised everything—right down to designing the cover art. I'll be standing there like a normal white man for a change. I want to get away from the caricatures of me we've had in the past. There'll be a black background with a flame lighting effect, and I'm gonna have a Molotov cocktail in my hand with the fuse lit. No more having me screaming and biting crowbars in half. Or chewing on rat testicles and shit.

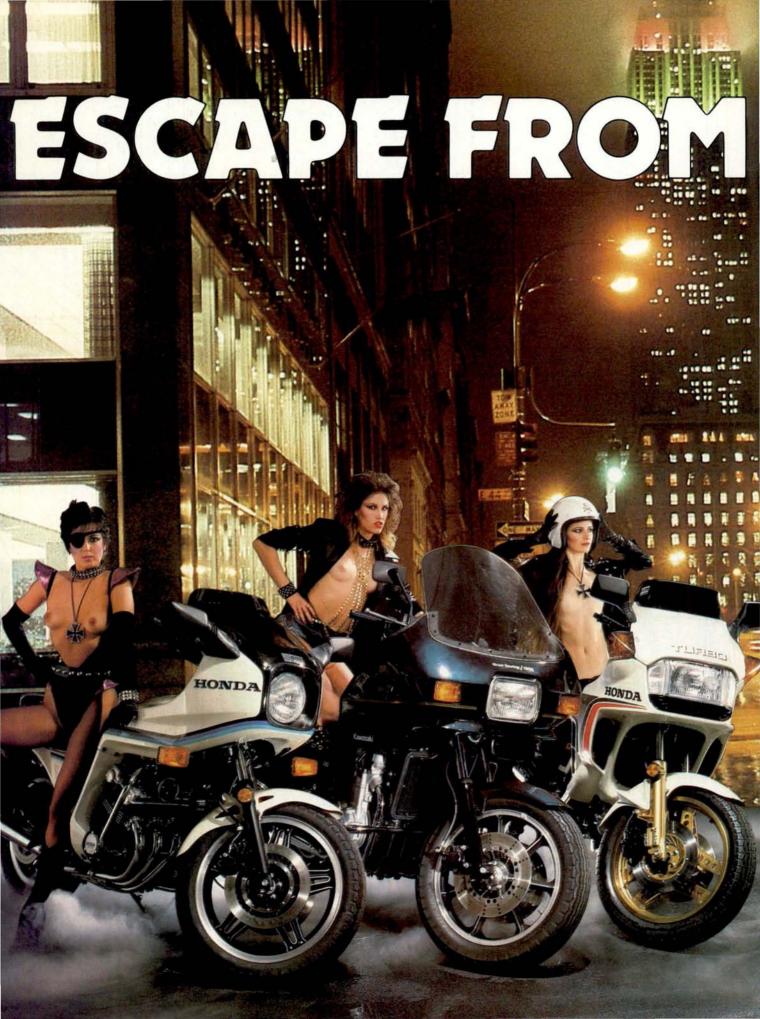
HUSTLER: Is this the new you?

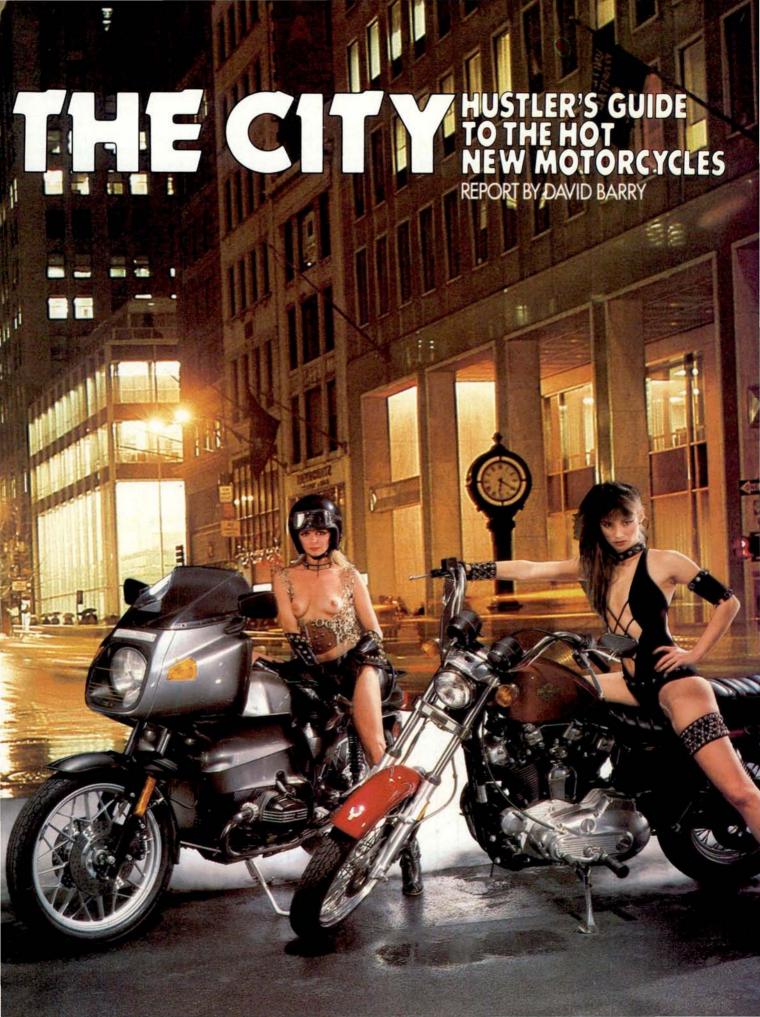
(continued on page 134)





"For the last time, Howard, I don't want to see an instant replay of Pearl Harbor!"





ou crank the throttle open and hang on. The rush flashes from the base of your spine up the back of your skull, lighting your internal wiring like a pinball machine as soft organs flatten against the back of your ribcage. You shift gears through an eight-second blast to 100 miles per hour. A foolish grin twists around toward your ears.

If the road is straight and clear and your courage holds up, you can hang on for another 15 or 20 seconds to 140 mph. The wind tears at your face, pulling your mouth open and ballooning your cheeks. It takes only a squeeze on the triple-disc brakes to slow down to legal speed almost instantly.

That is the sensation of superbike riding, the ultimate in motorcycling that offers a level of performance formerly available only to fighter pilots and racecar drivers. A swarm of new Japanese machines delivers mind-shattering, time-warping performances with the grace of a Learjet airplane or a Porsche sports car.

They can go from 0 to 100 mph in under ten seconds, traverse the quartermile in under 12 seconds and top out at 140 mph or better-staggering numbers for travel on land. Ranging in price from \$1,800 to \$8,000, these four- or sixcylinder imports are as luxurious as they are fast. They pamper the rider with split-level, dual-density foam seats, air-

adjustable front shock absorbers, infinitely adjustable rear shocks, transistorized electronic ignition, electric starting, five-speed gearboxes, self-canceling turn signals and full instrumentation everything but air conditioning.

Best of all, these state-of-the-art performance bikes don't spit, buck or growl. At low throttle openings they're as docile as Superman in his Clark Kent mode. Almost silent at idle, they behave like ordinary transportation as long as you feed them small amounts of gasoline. They'll run slow and quiet all day, tolerate stop-and-go traffic and hum like electric golf carts.

Their 80 or 90 horsepower-more than what's available in some Volkswagen and Ford automobiles-is ready whenever you want it. All it takes is a twist of the wrist to put the engine into "Hypermode." Then the luxurious, deep-pile ride converts into a groundhugging embrace of pavement that lets the operator know the bike is eager to handle whatever he cares to dish up.

The excitement of motorcycling, however, comes from more than speed. It begins as soon as you throw a leg over the saddle of a bike. Before you even fire up the engine, there's something about sitting on the vehicle, holding the handlebars and letting your imagination take over.

Motorcycles are adventure machines

that make ordinary travel fun. Learning to drive one is like developing a new skill such as skiing or skating. First a rider must coordinate toe shifts with hand clutch and throttle movements. Then he discovers how to lean in and up out of curves, to brake smoothly and glide to a perfect stop. Now he has mastered something to be enjoyed every time he gets on the road. While the poor boobs packed in automobiles are stuck in traffic, he sails through his own space and time on two wheels.

Another big plus in today's inflationary economy is the relative cost of motorcycles. Most sell for less than half as much as the average car, use onethird the gasoline, and require only onefifth as much to operate -\$758 annually versus \$3,111 for the average automobile. Considering that bikes are infinitely more pleasurable to drive in good weather, they're one hell of a bargain.

The unparalleled thrill of motorcycling-the freedom, power and speedwas always there in the past. But consumers had to make certain concessions in order to experience it. Before the arrival of Japanese bikes in the early 1960s, motorcycles smoked, leaked oil, rattled, vibrated, shed parts and fritzed out anytime their owners were foolish enough to trust them. When the engine didn't feel like starting, riders had to jump off the seat and come down with all their weight on a kick starter that could break their hearts-if not their legs. After 60 or 70 kicks they felt like torching the damn thing.

Besides being unpredictable, motorcycles were dirty. Oil and grunge dripped from the engine and chain, hit the front or rear wheel and defiantly splattered shoes, boots, pant legs and the backs of jackets.

Prior to the Japanese invasion, English machines and American-made Harley-Davidsons were the most popular bikes in this country, and a heated rivalry developed between respective adherents. The truth is, both the British and Harley twin-cylinder machines were hard to start and had lousy lighting systems. Their instruments were inaccurate when they worked at all and useless when they didn't-which was often. They were noisy mothers that made the public look with fear and loathing at a growling pack of bikes.



Pages 58-59 (left to right): Honda CBX, Kawasaki KZ-1300, Honda CX-500 Turbo, BMW R-100RS, Harley-Davidson XL 1000. Motorcycles courtesy of Honda-Kawasaki West, Santa Monica, CA; Hollywood Honda/BMW of Hollywood; Harley-Davidson West, Marina Del Rey, CA. Photo by Ladi von Jansky



"Wow! The tooth fairy left a 20!"

PRESCRIPTIONS TWAINE TINEKEY

"My wife needs some contraceptive diaphragms, say about ... oh ... this size!"

That attitude partly stemmed from the 1954 Marlon Brando movie The Wild One, a story of two Hell's Angelstype gangs taking over and terrorizing a small Western town. But Harleys and their riders were just as responsible for creating the image of bikers as badasses.

The Japanese company Honda changed all that in the late 1960s and early '70s by producing a new generation of overhead camshaft (instead of pushrod) twin cylinders. These machines had the added flexibility of fivespeed (instead of four-speed) gearboxes, and improved engine balancing assured largely vibration-free rides. Standard equipment included turn signals, headlights and brake lights, instruments that actually worked and electric starters.

Those first Hondas-the 250 and 305 Dreams and Hawks-had a cockerspaniel innocence about them. Playful, clean, easy to ride and nonthreatening, they didn't look like serious motorcycles. Not surprisingly, old-guard Harley and Limey riders sneered at Hondas and their owners, most of whom had never owned a motorcycle before.

Honda sold hundreds of thousands of those little 250s, 305s and then 450s, while Yamaha, Kawasaki and Suzuki countered with their own offerings in the same weight class. (Numbers such as 250, 305 and 450 refer to engine size measured in cubic centimeters.) A whole

new face of motorcycling based on fun and well-mannered adventure was being created. Bikes could now be ridden in shorts and sneakers, rather than greasy Levi's and engineer boots.

By the time the Japanese launched superbikes in America-Honda was first with the CB-750 four-cylinder-motorcycling had achieved a vastly wider base of riders and potential riders. The number of registered machines went from 575,000 in 1960 to 2,800,000 in 1970, an increase of almost 400%. As sales doubled between 1970 and 1980, the stigma of the motorcycle as an antisocial symbol of danger and excitement gradually evaporated.

The new breed of Japanese bikes had created a market image that put motorcycles in the same category as sports cars and speedboats. They were interesting, exciting, daring maybe-but not something to be shunned and feared.

The Honda four-cylinder 750, introduced in 1969, stood out as a revolutionary development in an industry whose designs tended to last for decades with only detail changes. The Harley-Davidson V-Twin, for example, saw the light of day before World War I, and continues in production today with relatively minor modifications. The British twin-cylindered BSA, Triumph, Norton, Matchless and AJS, as well as the German BMW, all date back to the 1930s.

The arrival of the Honda 750 was like bringing a pocket computer into a world of abacus and pencil-point math.

Then along came some frantic competition from other Japanese firms. Before long, Kawasaki blew the Honda 750 four out of first place with its own fourcylinder H-750. Then it introduced the KZ-900, which grabbed the superbike speed prize almost immediately.

Suzuki countered with the fourcylinder GS-1000, and Honda offered the six-cylinder CBX 1000. Yamaha raised them 100 cubic centimeters with the four-cylinder XS-1100. Suzuki responded with a GS-1100, and Kawasaki went berserk with a six-cylinder KZ-

The numbers in this heated business war are more than digits used to flash up the model names. They are vital statistics like the calibers of firearms. Just as a .44 Magnum blows a bigger hole than a .38, a 1000cc bike has 33% more power potential than a 750.)

The superbike wars still have not abated. They haven't even slowed down. And the competition has spread throughout the field, from the 750s down to the 550s. That's a blessing because superbikes are really costly toys (price range \$4,000 to \$5,500) for people in search of the ultimate.

The first-time driver should start with a smaller machine. At the bottom rung of the market ladder are the 250s, 305s and 350s, modestly priced from \$1,499 through \$1,699. Sophisticated, reliable and supremely economical, these are fine urban vehicles for cutting lines through tight spaces. Small and nimble, they excel at zipping down winding back roads as long as you don't have a passenger onboard or a bigger bike to keep up with. However, they are limited for over-the-road touring, especially with a passenger or luggage.

A better place to start shopping is in the 400-450cc range, which includes the Honda CD-400 Hawk, the Yamaha XS-400, the Suzuki GS-450 and the Kawasaki KZ 440. These are all overheadcam vertical twins weighing 375 pounds or less, making them light enough to operate without fear of dismemberment if they happen to fall on the rider or go out of control.

At \$1,850 they are also much faster than they have any right to be. Unlike the old days when small bikes suffered the stigma of looking small, these machines share styling with their big brothers, and show how far the Japanese have come in interpreting American tastes.

The Hondas first imported into the United States in the late 1960s came with awkward hump-backed tanks and seats that Americans later replaced with

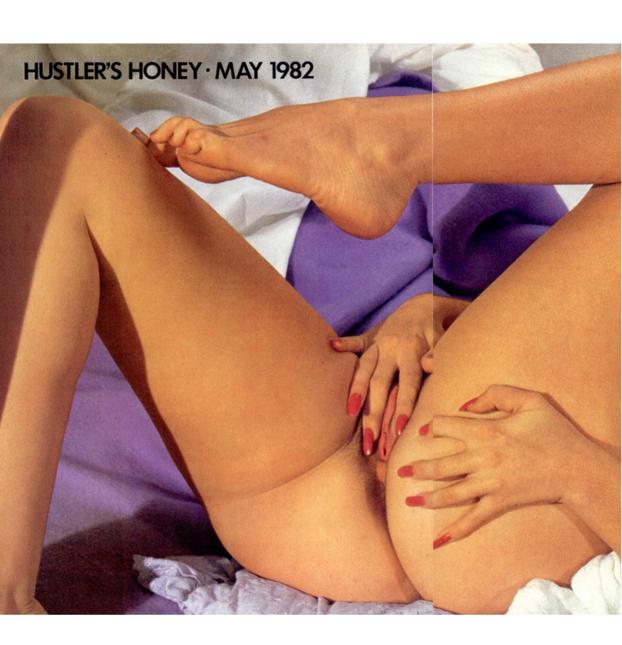


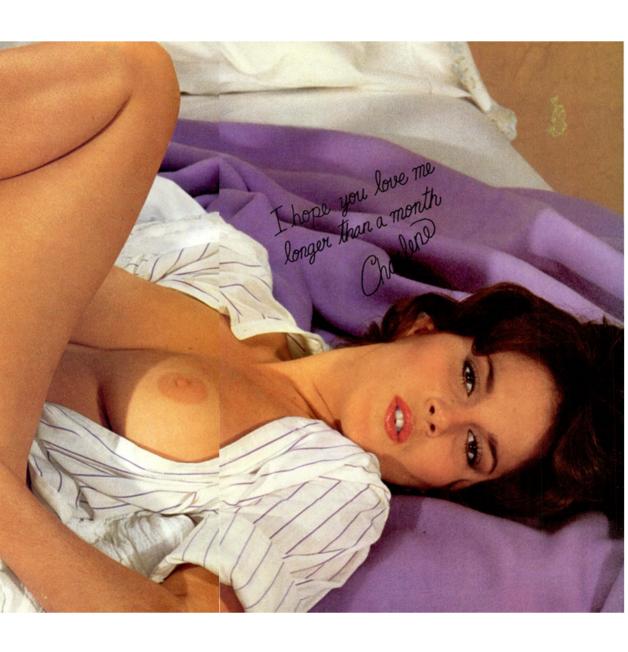
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judge asked the young man standing before him how he pleaded on eight charges of rape. "I guess you'd say not guilty by reason of insanity, Your Honor," the defendant pleaded.

"Insanity?!!" the judge roared.

"Yes, sir," the young man explained. "I'm just crazy about pussy."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines 68 as: she sucks you off, and you owe her one.

One morning a pretty young thing woke up with a hangover in a motel bed. Through bleary eyes she saw a baby elephant on the twin bed. She looked at the elephant and back to the bed and then back to the animal, which nodded its head in affirmation.

"Oh, my God," she moaned as she held her aching

head. "I must have been tight last night."

The elephant winked and said, "Only the first time, my dear."

A guy walked into a tavern, all beat to hell. "What happened to you?" the barkeep asked.

"I don't know. I was in an Italian bar talking to this guy, and he went nuts."

"What were you talk-

ing about?"

"Fucking. He said he'd fucked blondes, brunettes, redheads—even a water-melon! I said I'd fucked a chicken. You know how you one-up like that. Then he said he'd fucked a goat. I couldn't top that; so I went along with him. All of a sudden that Wop beat me up!"

"What did you say?" the bartender inquired.

"All I said was, 'I sure would like to fuck a ewe'!"

The little girl came in to the kitchen, holding her

finger and crying, "I pricked my widdle finger, Mommy! Can I dip it in some cider?"

"There, there, dear," the mother consoled her. "Wouldn't you rather put some iodine on it?"

"Oh, no, Mommy," the girl exclaimed. "Big Sister says whenever she gets a prick in her hand, she puts it in cider!"

A drunk walked into a bar and sat next to an attractive woman, then ordered a drink. After finishing half of it, he turned to the woman and asked, "Would you like to fuck?"

She looked at the guy and slapped him right off his stool. He slowly rose, shook his head and retook his seat, grabbing his drink and downing it. He again turned to the woman and muttered, "I guess that means a blowjob is out of the question."

Two Hollywood writers for TV were trying to come up with a show for the gay audience. Day in and day out they sat at their desks pounding out ideas with no real luck. Then, all of a sudden, one of the writers shouted, "I've got it. Anus and Andy!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines embarrassment as: when your mother-in-law goes to change the baby and finds pubic hair in the Vaseline.

Question: What do you call a black hitchhiker in the South?

Answer: Stranded.

Young Timmy was being read the riot act by his father after having been caught abusing himself in the attic. "But it was a patriotic gesture, Pop," the

boy insisted.

"Patriotic gesture?!" the father questioned.

"Sure," the boy replied.
"I had a red cock, white knuckles and blue balls."

A guy goes to the doctor and says, "Doc, when I go to bed with my wife, she always comes before I do, and then she's too tired to make me come."

The doctor said, "Tonight, when you fuck her, stick your finger in her ass just before she comes, and that will shock her from coming until after you do. Good luck!"

The next morning the guy runs to the doctor's office and snaps, "You son of a bitch, I'm in agony!"

"What's wrong?" the physician asked.

"About an hour ago," the man explained, "my wife and I were making love. Just when she said, 'I'm gonna come,' I did what you told me. I stuck my finger in her ass, and

she pissed in my mouth and almost bit my cock off."

The woman was confiding to her girlfriend the intimate details of her sex life. "You know, while Joe and I were fooling around the other night in the sack, he said that when he was in the Army, they put something in the food so the guys couldn't get a hard-on."

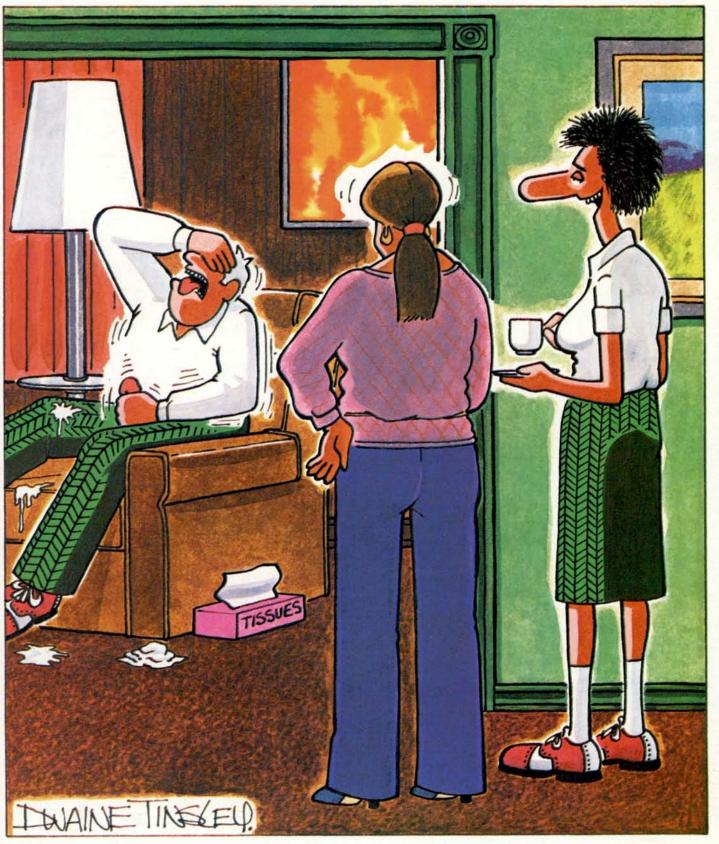
"Saltpeter?" her girlfriend asked.

The chick thought for a minute. "No. As I remember, it had more of a vanilla taste."

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GIFFI & IFFI



"Ever since he quit smoking, Chester has to constantly keep his hands busy."



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he young man looked like a poster boy for the March of Dimes. Supported by two lightweight aluminum crutches, he hobbled through the airline terminal's automatic doors. His legs seemed virtually useless, but his arms and upper torso were quite muscular, and he pulled himself along easily. His given name was Casey, but the name on his plane ticket was false. He wasn't a badlooking man, although his nose seemed a bit too big, and his upper teeth protruded slightly over his lower lip. A large duffel bag was strapped over his shoulder and bumped heavily against his side with each contorted step as he made his way to the check-in counter. He stepped up to the agent and handed her his ticket.

Smiling at her, Casey requested an aisle seat in the No Smoking section in the back of the plane, and said he'd carry his bag onboard. "I don't want one of your baggage handlers playing basketball with my stuff," he told the agent, who smiled politely at the young man on crutches. But she wouldn't have been so cordial if she had known about the wax gun tucked in the waistband of Casey's pants.

A small number of passengers waited patiently

FICTION BY J.R. REGIS

Illustration by Roger Bergendorff



at the boarding gate. Casey scrutinized their faces with a practiced eye. He saw no one who might be a threat, such as an armed law-enforcement officer.

He scanned the passengers again, this time searching for somethinganything-he might have overlooked. He knew the success of this daring operation depended on his being very thorough. Nothing could be left to chance.

Casey hefted himself across the waiting area and gazed out at the Boeing 727 parked against the boarding ramp. It was like looking at an old friend. After months of in-depth research and tireless study, he knew the 727 inside and out. The plane's most important feature, and an integral part of his plan, was its builtin boarding ramp tucked under the tail section. It would be his only means of escape when the job was done.

The high, lilting sound of girlish laughter caught Casey's ear. He turned slightly and spotted an extremely attractive, dark-haired woman standing in the center of the waiting area. She appeared to be with three others-two men and a younger woman. Casey noticed that all four were wearing tightfitting jeans and gawdy T-shirts. The two men were rather swarthy in complexion. One had cultivated a dark, bushy mustache, while the other hid behind a pair of expensive mirrored sunglasses.

The dark-haired woman was laughing easily, but the other woman did not appear to be amused. She was less attractive than her companion. Her long blond hair was dirty and stringy, and her skin looked pale and unwashed. Casey could see her hand shaking as she puffed nervously on a filtered cigarette.

Outside, on the tarmac at Los Angeles International Airport, Captain Pete Patterson peered up into the wheel well housing the 727's forward landing gear. It was part of a pre-flight ritual that most veteran pilots go through before every takeoff. He pulled his head out of the well and spotted a maintenance man leaving the plane.

"Hiya, Doc," the worker called out to Patterson.

The pilot returned the wave, acknowledging the affectionate nickname that had followed him for nearly half of his 52 years. When it came to women, Pete Patterson was said to have serviced more pussy than a gynecologist, which is why his friends and co-workers tagged him "Doc." That was years ago, before he met and married Jill Smith, a foxy young flight attendant who was as bright as she was beautiful.

Despite the difference in their ages, it

was a good marriage. But the fact that Iill was still flying made their moments together few and far between. Patterson tried to remember the last time they had made love. Five, six weeks? The thought made his heart beat faster, and Patterson winced, rubbing his chest until the throbbing abated.

"Roger, 101," crackled the voice from the tower. "You're cleared for takeoff."
"Roger, Tower," replied Patterson,

easing the throttle controls forward. The three jet engines whined, their pitch altering with the increase of power. Patterson's feet came off the brakes, and the 727 rolled forward, gathering speed.

Owen Davis, his copilot, watched the ground-speed indicator and called off the numbers by tens.

"Rotation speed," Davis recited flatly. Patterson drew back on the control yoke, and the 727's nose lifted skyward.

Moments after wheels-up, there was a knock at the locked cockpit door. Patterson felt a surge of excitement when Jill unexpectedly entered with a trayful of steaming cups of coffee.

"What are you doing here?" he sputtered. "You're supposed to be off.

"Kathy Billings got the flu," she smiled. "Operations called and asked if I'd fill in. Coffee?"

Patterson took a cup from the tray, sipped and grimaced.

Jill leaned close to his ear. "Drink up," she purred, handing him a folded slip of paper.

Patterson stole a quick glance at her shapely backside as she wiggled out the door. He felt a stirring in his groin when he read the message-"See me later"written in bright-red lipstick.

Flight 101 was at its assigned altitude when Patterson turned the controls over to Owen Davis. "Gonna stretch my legs," he said, waiting for the copilot to take the controls before climbing out of

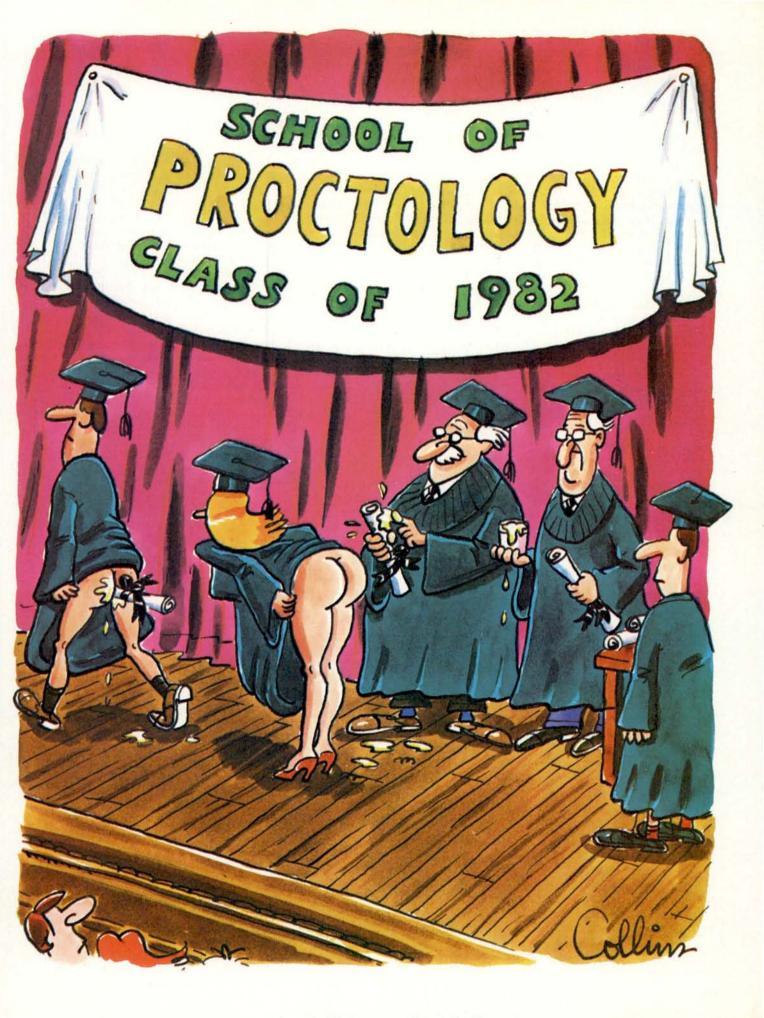
"Take your time, Doc," yawned Mal Brady, the flight engineer. "We'll keep an eye on things up here." With that, he let his head thud down on the console and unleashed a loud, exaggerated

Patterson laughed as he left the flight deck. Striding back through the cabin area, he counted about two dozen heads spread randomly throughout the plane. They would be making one stop, in San Francisco, before heading on to their final destination, Seattle.

The pilot found Jill in the galley, stowing the last of the trays.

"Hello, stranger," he said, slipping up behind his wife and circling his arms around her waist.





"Careful," Jill giggled. "My husband might see us." She turned and faced him. "Miss me?"

He pulled her tight against him, and she felt his erection through the fabric of her skirt. "It's been a long time," he whispered.

"I know," she said. "For me too."

"Well, we'll be together tonight," he assured her.

"I can't wait that long," Jill moaned, tugging him across the aisle to the vacant lavatory. He followed her inside, latched the door, and immediately their mouths met in a long, passionate kiss. When their lips parted, Patterson buried his face against Jill's neck.

"Now!" she groaned. "I want you

"Jill," he sighed, his heart thudding, "we can't. Not here."

"Now, Pete," she insisted, pushing herself away from him. "Right here, right now!" She lifted her skirt, and Patterson trembled. The stewardess wasn't wearing any panties. "Please, Pete," she breathed urgently. "Make love to me."

The hell with regulations, Pattersonthought. He turned her around so she could grasp the edge of the sink basin, then bunched her skirt up over her hips, exposing her tight, shapely ass.

Patterson knelt down, and his tongue began slowly tracing the bottom curvature of her buttocks. He licked and teased the dark line where the cheeks were divided, until her quivering body told him she was ready.

"Oo-o-o-oh, Pete!" she gasped.

Gently, with firm, rigid fingers, he spread her cheeks. Next, his tongue delved inside, lancing the pink, puckered warmth of her anus. A grunt tore out of Jill's throat, and she held the basin tightly while Patterson's talented tongue probed and teased.

Then he stood and thrust forward, driving his swollen penis deep into her vagina. Jill's natural wetness eased his passage, and he slammed hard against her bare backside. Short, gasping moans of desire gurgled in her throat as she hurtled toward orgasm.

Like a jackhammer, Patterson's throbbing cock pounded deeper and harder. Each measured plunge seemed to push him even closer to the blissful climax they had shared together so many times before. The trembling body and the manicured fingernails clawing at his thighs told him she was far beyond the point of no-return, nearing the sweet burst of hot, sticky juices.

"I'm going to come!" she groaned, gritting her teeth.

"Let it go," Patterson grunted.

"Yes!" Jill gasped. "Like that, Doc. Oh, yes, just like that!"



They shuddered violently, as if every nerve ending in their bodies were overloading. Finally, they found their voices again.

"Welcome to the 'Mile High Club,'"

she murmured.

"So that's what they mean by 'flying the friendly skies," he grinned.

Casey patted the hard form in his waistband and imagined the headlines in the next day's papers: "MAN SKY-JACKS PLANE WITH WAX GUN"! Only weeks before, D. B. Cooper had used a live bomb in an attache case to commandeer a jetliner. Casey would do it on bluff alone.

Suddenly, he noticed the girl with the stringy blond hair moving up the aisle. Her mouth was drawn tight, and her agitated eves darted about the cabin.

"Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention please." A female was speaking over the plane's intercom. "Please remain seated, and do not be alarmed."

Casey leaned out of his seat and looked toward the front of the cabin. He recognized the attractive, dark-haired girl he'd seen at the boarding gate. She was talking into the microphone and toying with something small and round in her other hand.

"We are soldiers of the People's Liberation Army, and this aircraft is now under our control! You are now prisoners of war. Anyone attempting to interfere with this operation will die! Remain in your seats, do exactly as you are told, and no one will be hurt."

She held up the object in her hand. "This is a live grenade. It contains enough explosive to blow this plane in half!" She waited for the terrified passengers' voices to die down. "I assure you, I won't hesitate to pull the pin. Once that happens, we'll have only six seconds to say our prayers."

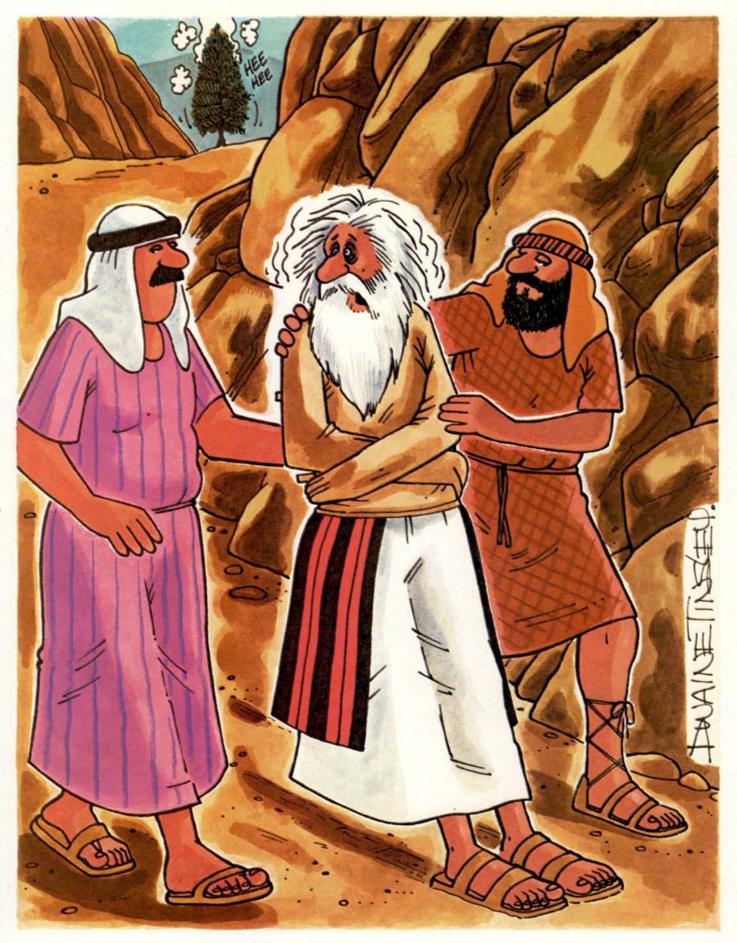
Son of a bitch! Casey sank in his seat and closed his eyes. The bastards were stealing his airplane!

Pete Patterson was angrier than he had ever been, but outwardly he appeared calm. Two hours had passed since the gunman had gained access to the flight deck, threatening to blow Jill's head off if the cockpit door was not unlocked.

A short time later, with the muzzle of a revolver pressed to his ear, Patterson radioed the gunman's demands to tower officials in San Francisco. "Five million dollars in uncut diamonds," he told them.

Then came the threat. "You have a two-hour time limit. If you exceed the

(continued on page 88)



"But it did talk to me, I'm telling you! It did! It did!"

















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deadline, we will slit the throat of a hostage every 15 minutes."

Casey sat quietly in his seat. The steady whine of jet engines somehow had a calming effect on him. The initial shock of the hijacking was wearing off, and now his brain was busily sorting out options. He'd been caught off guard; no question about that. But now the element of surprise was on his side. All he had to do was wait.

A man learned a lot of things in prison, lessons that enabled him to shape a gun out of wax and bend metal into something more than two ordinary crutches. But mostly a man learned how to wait.

"Good news," said the dark-haired girl, speaking once again over the plane's intercom. "The authorities in San Francisco have agreed to our terms for your release. You people are worth 5 million in diamonds."

A murmur of voices filled the cabin as passengers were herded forward and ordered to strap themselves into the first six rows of seats. They were warned that anyone caught with an unfastened seat belt would be killed. Casey wobbled down the aisle awkwardly on his

crutches, prodded by the muzzle of the blonde's revolver.

The 727 swooped gracefully into its final approach. The man with the bushy mustache was strapped into the jump seat just behind Patterson, his weapon inches from the base of the pilot's neck.

He couldn't see them, but Patterson knew that police sharpshooters were already in position on both sides of the runway. As soon as the jet rolled to a stop, high-powered rifles would open up and rip the tires to shreds.

The jet's nose angled upward. The wheels touched down, and the rubber barked on the tarmac. Immediately, the mustachioed man unstrapped himself from the jump seat and removed a small black box from his shoulder bag. Holding the gun in one hand and the box in the other, he crouched behind Patterson's seat and peered out the window.

Patterson reversed throttle, abruptly slowing the still-racing jetliner. Off to the right of the runway two red-and-white-striped utility shacks stood on the grassy apron. The terrorist seemed to gauge their distance; then firmly, he pushed the button on the black box. Instantly, the two small buildings were shattered by a massive explosion.

Smoke, wood and flame erupted in a fierce, billowing fireball. Patterson saw

two human forms tumble back to earth, as charred and broken as their high-powered rifles. The explosive concussion rocked the jet as it passed the flaming, splintered debris.

Quickly, the gunman reached into his bag and produced a second black box, this one labeled B. "Get on the radio," he yelled at Patterson. "Tell them there's another bomb planted in the terminal. Tell them that if they shoot out the tires, I'll detonate it!"

The pilot followed the terrorist's instructions, his mind whirling, but his voice level and cool. The turmoil erupting in and around the Command Post crackled over the radio speaker. It was too late to evacuate the terminal; to do so would take too much time. The sons of bitches had been one step ahead of them, and now two men were dead.

"Quiet, everybody!" shouted the dark-haired girl as the explosion buffeted the plane. With the passengers all in the first six rows, it was no longer necessary to use the intercom. There was a raw, harsh edge to her voice. "That was just a small demonstration for the pigs out there! An incentive to speed your release!"

Bullshit, thought Casey. If anything, it was to speed up payment of the ransom. He dismissed the standard psychological ploy from his mind. Right now he had other things to think about, like waging a little psychological warfare of his own.

"Hey, scumbag!"

The pale blonde turned and faced Casey.

"Shut up!" she ordered, pointing a .22-caliber pistol at his head.

"You're not going to shoot," he sneered contemptuously. "Not without the ransom."

Her hand shook with anger.

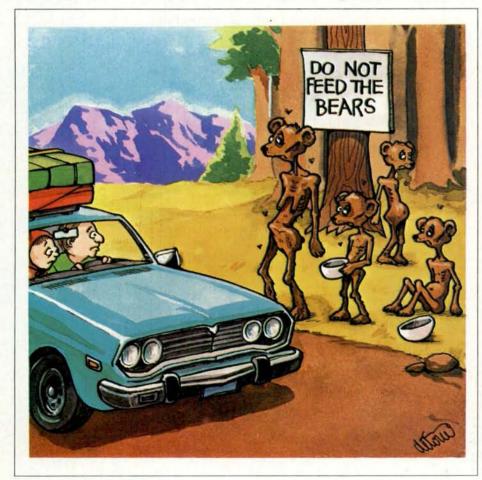
"You fire that gun now, and there's no way they'll deliver the diamonds," he smirked.

"Another word," said the hijacker with the mirrored sunglasses, "and you'll be bound and gagged."

Casey fell silent. He'd pushed things as far as he dared, but accomplished exactly what he'd intended. The more they disliked him, the less inclined they'd be to give him a break. The way Casey had it figured, they'd only release some of the passengers, holding the rest for further bargaining leverage—or just plain insurance. He wanted to make damn sure that when those few token passengers were released, he would not be among them.

"Are they genuine?" asked the darkhaired girl.

"Is the Pope Catholic?" quipped the





"Don't worry. My old lady has no idea where I am!"

man in sunglasses, examining the pouchful of sparkling gems that had been delivered by an unarmed FBI agent.

Grinning, the girl gazed into the passengers' expectant faces. She pointed out 12 people, including the man with crutches. "You're free to go," she told them, a benevolent tone in her voice.

"No!" snapped the blonde, aiming her revolver at Casey. "He stays!"

There was silence. No one breathed as the two women stared at one another. The blonde's lips were a thin line of determination. She would not be denied.

"Very well," said the dark-haired girl, pointing to a woman seated next to Casey. "You," she snapped, "go with the others." The woman practically flew from her seat.

The blonde looked down at Casey, a spiteful smile on her lips. "What do you think now?!" she hissed.

He said nothing. She'd played right into his hands.

From the cockpit, Pete Patterson counted the passengers as they descended the boarding ramp. Beside him stood the mustachioed man, a gun in one hand, a detonator in the other.

"There's only 12," the pilot fumed, making no attempt to mask his anger. "What about the others?"

"They'll be released when we've refueled," the gunman calmly replied.

Forty minutes later the tanks were topped, and six more passengers, along with the stewardesses, were allowed to debark. For one long moment before Jill was hurried off the plane, she and Patterson held each other's gaze. Flight 101 now consisted of six passengers, three crewmen and four armed terrorists.

As the minutes ticked away, Patterson felt the stress gnawing away at his chest. He'd felt it coming for some time. It began more than two years before with an occasional flutter in his heartbeat, but nothing that had ever shown up on an electrocardiogram.

Now he winced as his heart lurched erratically.

"Doc?" It was the voice of his copilot. "You okay?"

Patterson smiled. "Never better," he lied as the muscle in his chest once again settled into a steady rhythm. He was certain now that even if they survived the skyjacking, this would be his last flight.

Casey liked the idea of diamonds. They were small, easy to carry, and their value remained constant. He was sorry he hadn't thought of it himself.

The dark-haired girl and the man with the sunglasses had retreated to the

rear of the plane, leaving the blonde to watch over the hostages. Casey guessed her age to be around 19. Too young to die, he told himself.

Aware he was staring at her, she eyed him with contempt. "What do you want?" the blonde demanded.

"I've gotta take a leak," Casey replied, his voice level and unafraid.

She thought for a moment, then nodded, waving her revolver toward the compartment behind the cockpit. "In there," she ordered.

Grabbing his crutches, Casey hoisted himself out of his seat and wobbled down the aisle.

The stress in Pete Patterson's chest had escalated into a dull, throbbing ache. Still, he remained at the controls, knowing that if he became disabled, Owen Davis was quite capable of bringing the plane down safely.

Seventy-five minutes had elapsed since they'd taken off from San Francisco. The gunman was still holding the detonator.

"Might as well put that away," Patterson said softly. "We're well out of range."

"Not quite."

"The terminal's over 600 miles away. You won't be exploding any bomb at that distance."

"There wasn't a bomb at the terminal," the gunman replied.

"You bluffed them?" The copilot's voice was tinged with awe.

"I wasn't bluffing. There is a bomb. It's just not in the terminal."

"I don't get it," Davis said.

"The authorities had to believe the bomb posed some danger to themselves," the terrorist explained. "For all they knew, it might've been planted in the tower."

"Then where the hell is it?" thundered Patterson.

"In the baggage compartment. We're sitting on it."

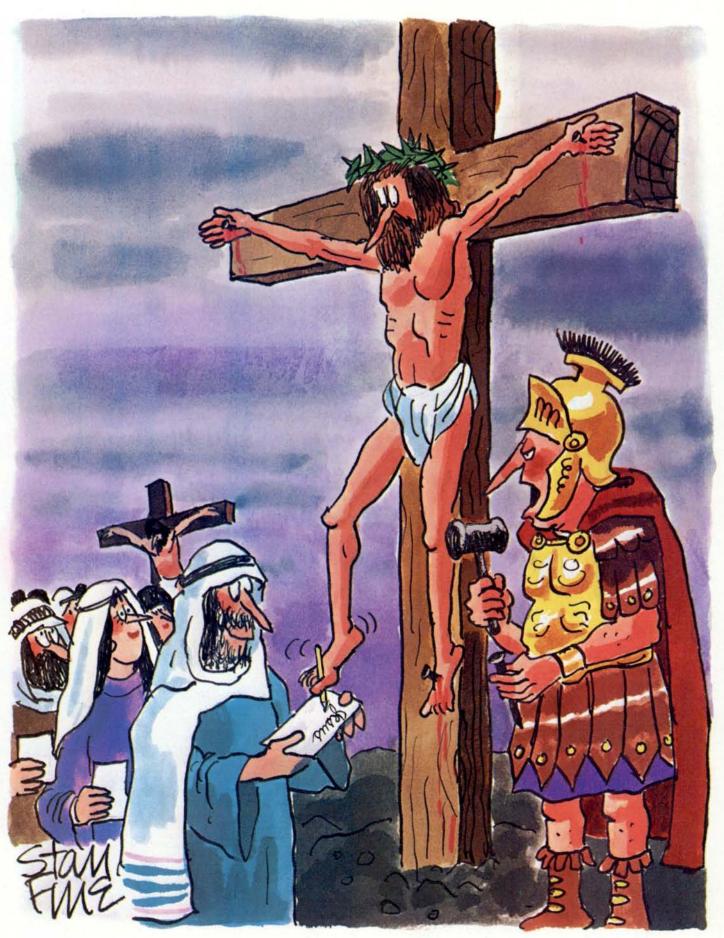
It happened so quickly that Patterson had no time to react. The flight engineer, sitting behind Davis, suddenly launched himself from his chair and dove for the terrorist. But the gunman was just a fraction quicker. He twisted out of his grasp and slammed the butt of the revolver down on Mal Brady's head. A deep, crimson gash spread across the crown of his skull, and he soon lapsed into unconsciousness.

"If either of you try anything like that again," the hijacker shrieked hysterically, "I'll put a bullet through the other's brain!"

Patterson felt his chest heave, but he refused to surrender. "Strap Mal into his

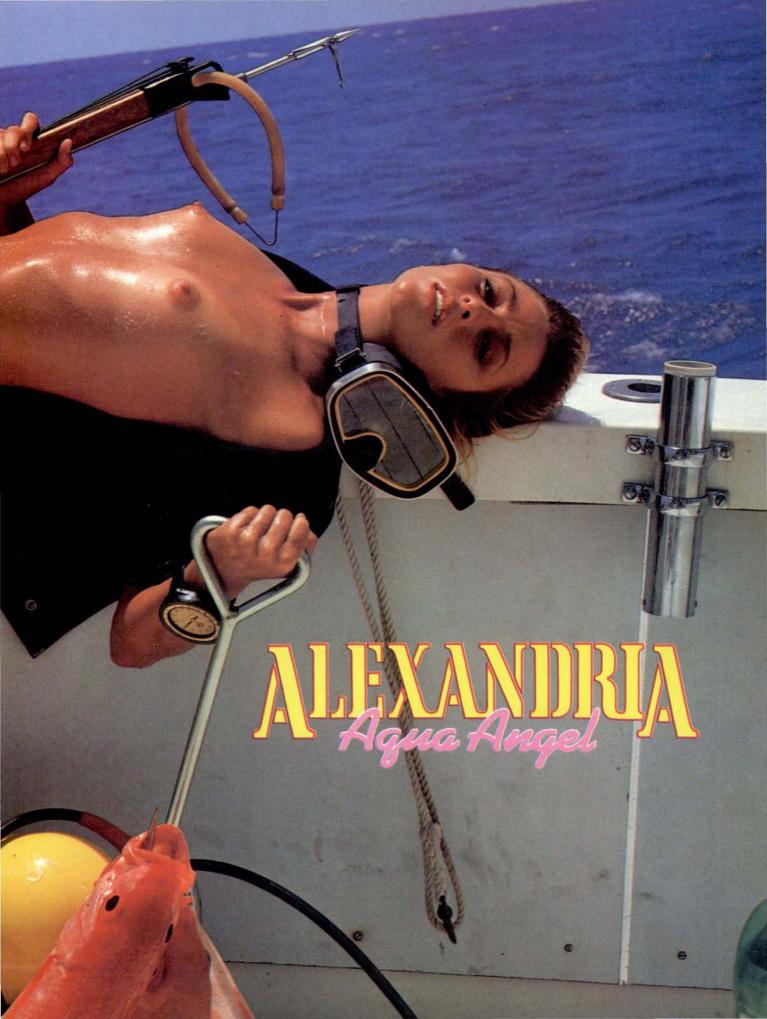
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"Okay, that's it for the autographs!"













(continued from page 90)

seat," he said to Davis. "And bandage his head."

As the copilot struggled with the engineer's limp body, the gunman poked Patterson with his pistol. "Change course," he ordered. "Due west."

"We haven't enough fuel to make Hawaii."

"Hawaii is not on our itinerary, Captain."

"Then where?" the pilot demanded. "There's nothing else down there!"

"Oh, I don't know," the man smiled. "It looks like a nice night for a cruise."

Suddenly it all made sense. The keeping of the hostages, the westerly heading, even the refueling. Patterson realized they were going to ditch in the ocean, one of the most hazardous maneuvers in aviation. If the plane did not touch down at precisely the right moment, and at exactly the right angle, the fuselage could slam into a swell and disintegrate on impact.

Of course, after the plane was in the water, a transponder would emit a strong emergency signal, which is why the terrorists held onto some of the hostages. Once the hijackers were picked up by their friends, they'd head for the

open sea, knowing full well the Coast Guard would be honed in on the signal. But instead of going after the terrorists, they'd have to pluck the remaining hostages and crew out of the water, and that would take hours in the dark.

Patterson felt the strain pulsing under his ribcage. He had to hold on! A haunting vision occurred to him. If he didn't die of a heart attack, he'd probably drown when they ditched.

And if none of those killed him, he thought grimly, the bomb in the 727's belly would.

Casey stood in the cramped lavatory, studying his reflection in the mirror. Quickly, he put the crutches aside and straightened his legs. Next, he removed the false plate of upper teeth from his mouth, eliminating the overbite. Then, with a wink to his reflection, he tugged at his nose. It came away in long, stringy gobs of flesh-colored putty.

The change was startling, even to him, which is why he'd decided to remove his disguise. He hoped the sudden transformation would disorient the terrorists and buy him precious seconds. He needed every edge he could get, or the girl with the hand grenade would cancel everyone's ticket.

"C'mon, gimp," called the blonde,

rapping hard on the locked door. "Give it a shake, and get out here!"

He smiled, anticipating the shocked look on her pale face when he did open the door. He removed the hard waxen gun from his waistband and laid it in the basin.

Fortunately, Casey had another ace to play in case he needed it. That was something else a man learned in prison-never leave anything to chance. He picked up one of the crutches, turned the rubber grip clockwise, and heard the metallic safety click off inside the aluminum shaft. Then he removed the rubber tip from the bottom. Now he was ready.

Casey grabbed the wax gun and faced the door. "Hey, scumbag," he growled, "you still out there?" He snapped the lock latch to the side. "I'm about to flush," he yelled. "Wanna go along?"

As the blonde angrily yanked open the door, her mouth dropped. A man she'd never seen before was pointing a .45 automatic at her head. The blood drained from her face, making her even paler than before. Paralyzed with fear, she completely forgot the revolver in her hand. She just stood there, unable to move or breathe, waiting for Casey's muzzle to explode and rip her face and life away.

With one swift motion he grabbed the front of the girl's T-shirt and pulled her inside, spinning her around and bringing his knee up viciously into her gut. She doubled over, and he drove his elbow down into the back of her neck. She collapsed like a rag doll, and he propped her unconscious form on the toilet.

One down, three to go, he thought, scooping up the blonde's revolver.

He peered out the door. Two other terrorists were still in the back of the plane. He grabbed the crutch and snapped the wide metal arm lock snugly under his elbow, gripping the rubber handle firmly with his fingers. Then he stuffed the revolver into his waistband, next to the waxen .45. Taking a deep breath, he lunged out into the aisle.

Carried by two strong, powerful legs, the man raced swiftly past the hostages. "Everybody down!" he shouted.

He could see the confusion in the terrorists' faces as he came at them, his crutch tight against his right hip and the fingers of his left hand curled around the lower shaft. They reacted quickly. The man with the sunglasses was immediately on his feet, holding his pistol at dead aim.

A split second later the interior of the cabin was shattered by a deafening blast. The confused hostages, strapped and cowering in their seats, screamed in panic. Smoke was now rising from the



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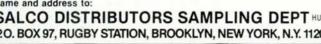
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fashioned into the muzzle of a crude, homemade shotgun.

The blast had caught the male terrorist full in the face. His companion retreated behind a seat.

Casey threw the crutch aside and ducked into a row of seats on the opposite side of the aisle, yanking the revolver from his waistband.

"You pig!" the People's Liberation woman screamed. "You've killed us

Hearing the snap of the pin as she tore it from the grenade, he instinctively took aim and fired. The bullet punched through the small window next to where she crouched. Although the woman was much larger than the tiny square opening, she was sucked out backward through the shattered window with a loud, bone-popping squish.

But she left behind a deadly souvenir of the terrorists' aborted plan-the ticking grenade, which shook the cabin with

an ear-splitting explosion.

"Son of a bitch!" cried Patterson as the plane hit an air pocket and lurched violently. The heaving motion of the aircraft threw the mustachioed gunman off balance, and he sprawled forward over the engine throttles between the pilot and copilot. Patterson reacted on reflex alone, grabbing a handful of his hair and slamming his face viciously into the control levers.

"Take over, Owen!" he shouted, releasing his seat belt with his left hand and again bashing the gunman's bloodied face with his right. The pain so disoriented his senses that his fingers failed to activate the detonator.

Amid the continuing turbulence, Patterson felt something tear in his chest. He flung the terrorist back away from the controls and pounced on him. The man was stunned momentarily, but it was time enough for Patterson to smash his hand against the wall, freeing the revolver. The pilot's first thought was to grab the gun, but he remembered the detonator and clawed frantically to reach it.

The plane pitched forward as Owen Davis aimed for a lower altitude. At the same time, Patterson yanked the gunman's hand to his mouth and bit deeply. The detonator flew from his fingers, and Patterson vised his hands around the terrorist's throat, squeezing the soft, vulnerable flesh until he felt cartilage cracking. Finally, when the man's body went limp, Patterson grunted in satisfaction and released the stranglehold.

"You okay, Doc?" shouted Davis over his shoulder.

The exhausted pilot tried to answer,

shaft of Casey's crutch, which he had but could not. Nor could he stop the stuttering trip-hammer in his chest.

> Owen Davis had leveled off at 7,000 feet, and the battered 727 headed toward the mainland. "I'd better go back and check the damage," Patterson said when his breathing and heartbeat had returned to normal.

> "They may be waiting for you," Davis cautioned. "Why not wait until we're

down?"

"Some of the passengers may be hurt," the pilot replied, picking up a first-aid kit. "Besides, I want to know what the hell happened back there.'

He unlocked the door and stepped into the bitterly cold cabin. Frigid air poured through the missing window, snarling the dangling oxygen masks.

"Anyone hurt?" he shouted above the

roar of the wind.

The passengers-numbed from terror, shock and the stinging cold-only stared at him. Some were weeping. "There's a blonde in the can," shouted a voice from the back of the plane.

Turning around, the pilot saw Casey advancing up the aisle, with a gun in one hand, a small pouch in the other and a pack strapped to his back.

"One of the terrorists," Casey con-

tinued. "She's out cold."

Patterson approached the man unsteadily and met him midway. "What about the rest of them?"

"The other girl's gone," Casey replied, pointing his gun at the missing window. "I had no choice. She had a hand grenade."

Patterson nodded.

"This man's dead," Casey went on, gesturing at the bloodied mass jammed under a seat. "How about the guy in the cockpit?"

"Dead," Patterson said. "I didn't have any choice either." Then suddenly he clutched his chest and slumped forward. Casey caught him by the arm and

eased him into a seat.

"Heart?"

The pilot nodded again, smiling ruefully. "They'll probably give me a gold watch when they retire me."

Casey heard the sarcasm in his voice. "Seems to me you deserve a lot more than that," he shrugged.

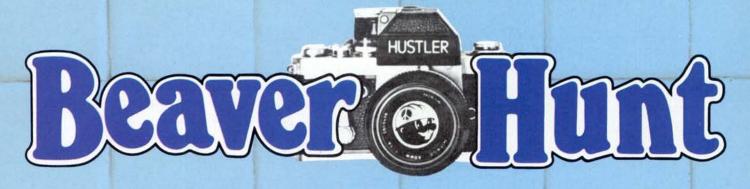
"That makes two of us," said the pilot, with a bitter smile. Then he pointed to the pouch in the man's hand. "That the ransom?"

Casey shook his head. "I'm taking it with me."

Patterson looked at him, not fully understanding.

"Finders keepers," Casey smiled, raising the gun into a warning position.

(continued on page 107)



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Kaiser, a dachshund from Santa Ana, California, fantasizes about getting it on with Lassie's granddaughter in a giant vat of Purina Dog Chow. Meanwhile, he's content to have sex with the neighbors' poodle, Ginger.

Photo by Friend



Photo by Husband

Photo by Kawika Sereno



"Beeber" is an Aurora, Colorado, native. This 26-year-old accountant likes horses, rodeos, and racing Corvettes, and her fantasy is to make love to her husband on a "crisp, clear Rocky Mountain night."



Laura Scott is a 26-year-old housewife from Middle Village, New York. Her only hobby is sex, and she'd "love to get gang-banged in a police station."

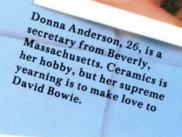




Photo by Husband



Twenty-year-old E.A.C., a housewife from West Orange, New Jersey, says she wants to "fuck and suck for my husband night and day."

Photo by Husband Riding bikes, boating, sex and sunbathing are the leisure-time hobbies of Rosemary G., 21. An Ancram, New York, housewife, she dreams about making love in the shower with two men. Chris Fields, 23, a massageparlor hostess from Melbourne,
parlor hostess from Melbourne,
florida, likes bowling and sex.
She fantasizes about "getting it
She fantasizes about giving
on with five guys and giving
them five blowjobs." Chris Fields, 23, a massage Photo by David Porter Photo by Husband

> Elyria, Ohio, is home to 26-year-old J. T., a bartender who loves reading and dancing. Her fantasy is to pose for HUSTLER Magazine while lying under a clear waterfall.





and male dancer from Utica, New York. He loves horses and wants to make love to every woman in America.

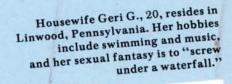




Photo by Husband



Swimming, hiking, skiing and touch football are the favorite activities of 33-year-old Wysonda, a Brighton, Colorado, marriage counselor. She fantasizes about becoming the madam of her own brothel.

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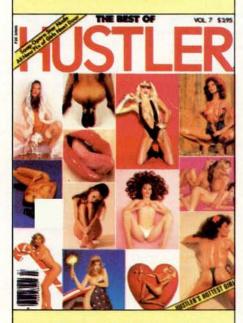
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MAYDAY ON FLIGHT 101

(continued from page 100)

Patterson finally grasped what was happening. The backpack must be a parachute, he thought, savoring the irony of it all.

"One of those bastards told me he planted a bomb in the terminal to keep from having the tires shot out," the captain said. "How were you going to make the pickup?"

Casey thought a moment. "The same way bombers scooped up gliders behind enemy lines during World War II. I'd have had the Feds put the loot into a mail sack and hang it over the runway on a cable ring. We'd fly in low. I'd drop a line and hook out of the open tail ramp, then snag it on the fly-by."

"And just reel the stuff in," Patterson added, impressed with the plan's daring simplicity.

Forty minutes later they were circling over the Sierra Madres at an altitude of 5,500 feet.

"This is where I get off, Captain," Casey smiled. "How about showing me the way out?"

Patterson shrugged and accompanied him to the rear of the plane. They waited in a lavatory as the push of a button slowly lowered the tail ramp.

"One thing before I go," shouted Casey above the rushing wind pouring inside. "I'd like to make a swap."

Patterson stared blankly. "What kind of swap?"

Casey gestured at the golden badge pinned to Patterson's lapel. "My gun for

your wings."

"What the hell," the pilot said. "I won't be needing them anymore." He removed the badge and gave it to Casey, who then held out his gun, grip first. Patterson waited for a moment before taking it firmly in his hand. In an instant, Casey was gone, bounding out of the lavatory, down the ramp and diving silently into the darkness.

Patterson raised the tail ramp and was walking down the aisle when he realized the gun in his hand felt unusually light. He looked down, and his heart gave another pull when he uncurled his fingers. Not only was he holding what appeared to be a wax gun, but pressed into the soft, pliable handle was a handful of gleaming, uncut diamonds. Patterson couldn't believe his eyes.

"I'll be damned," he muttered. The weight in his chest felt substantially lighter. A wide, bright smile spread slowly across his face. His aviation career was probably over, he conceded, but this unexpected gift would make retirement a whole lot easier.

Patterson stuffed the wax gun into his



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coat pocket and, with a tuneless whistle on his lips, trudged up the aisle toward the cockpit.

Two days had elapsed since Casey jumped from the 727. Now, standing before a uniformed South American customs inspector, he faced one last obstacle.

"Anything to declare, senor?" the inspector scowled, eyeing the traveler suspiciously.

"No, nothing."

"Open your bags," the man snapped. Casey obeyed, unlocking his suitcase and carryon bag.

"Now your toilet kit," the inspector ordered.

Casey zipped open the leather bag, revealing only his shaving gear and two milk-of-magnesia bottles. The inspector picked up the blue bottles and looked hard at the American. "Why so much, senor? Are you sick?"

"Constipated," he said, his voice a bit unsteady.

"Perhaps," smiled the official. "Or perhaps you have swallowed something you shouldn't have." Two armed soldiers instantly appeared and grabbed Casey by the arms. "Perhaps an X-ray will tell us which, yes?" With a nod from the inspector, the soldiers hustled him into a small medical facility.

Casey had expected to be detained. Drug trafficking was a big thing in Latin America, and two bottles of laxative were bound to arouse suspicion. He had deliberately used the milk of magnesia to divert the inspector's attention.

X-rays of Casey's stomach were taken, followed by a complete skin search—including a finger probe of his rectum. When nothing could be found, he was released and allowed to proceed without further hassle.

An hour later, Casey checked into the finest hotel in Rio de Janeiro and ordered champagne from room service. Then he took his toilet kit into the bathroom and removed the two suspect milk-of-magnesia bottles. After spreading a washcloth over the sink drain, he unscrewed their caps and turned the bottles upside down. The uncut diamonds, coated in thick white fluid, spilled out and settled in the folds of the washcloth. They sparkled with a dazzling brilliance as he cleansed them with tapwater.

Home free at last, Casey picked up one of the blue bottles and tilted it at his mirrored reflection. "To the good life," he toasted, draining the last drops of laxative.

Within a few minutes, room service arrived with his champagne. From that moment on, Casey rarely drank anything else.



For the last five years, I've been a teacher at a middleclass high school in a Midwestern city. My class assignment is divided equally between boy's physical education and English composition.

One of the things they drill into you in college "teaching methods" class is to keep hands off your students. But believe me, the "no students" rule isn't always easy. Particularly when you're trying to talk about proper grammar and you catch some barelegged cheerleader's skirt inching its way toward her white-cotton panties. That must be why my fellow faculty members spend so much time talking about screwing each other and reading HUSTLER in the faculty lounge.

Now as far as I'm concerned, most all the women here are just like your average teacher: dowdy, dull and incredibly devoted to their jobs. Most all, that is, except one: an unmarried science instructor named Michelle. She's about ten years older than I am, which puts her near 40, a very edgy age for most ladies. Michelle's got the "Mrs. Robinson" look from the movie The Graduate: tits that are big but don't sag, hips that vibrate like jackhammers when she walks, shapely legs, and an experienced, pretty face.

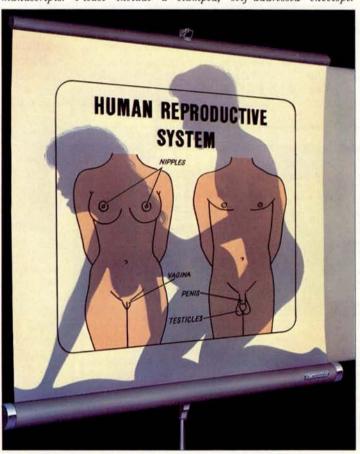
I studied her closely during the weekly faculty meetings—when she wasn't look-

ing, of course—and spoke to her with a barely concealed horniness. I turned every smile and casual gesture she gave me into an invitation. And I think she began to enjoy my fantasy-signals. Once when I wrote her a not-so-subtle note about the "jammed slot" in her "faculty mailbox," she smiled at me in a way that made my underwear tight.

I had more reasons than the usual dog in heat to go after Michelle. I'd recently been through a messy divorce, and I mostly jerked off to X-rated flicks, and picked up strangers at bars (which was like picking postcards for faceless relatives). Sadly, my life was one big void.

Teachers are given a "prep period"

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



A SEX LESSON FOR THE TEACHER

by Dick Stepkowski

every day, free time to work on lessons or grade papers. During one Friday's prep period, I determined it was high time to visit Michelle.

I'd heard someone say she was previewing a film—some new documentary on sex education—and the drapes in her classroom windows had been drawn. I knocked on the door, then wiped my sweaty palms on my slacks.

I was hanging halfway between sheer fright at the thought of being rejected, and heady excitement at the prospect of seeing Michelle alone while the rest of the school stuttered through their drowsy lessons.

See her? Hell, I wanted to fuck her! I our scholastic orgy.

wanted to use these hallowed halls of learning to teach her every variety of sex I knew—and learn a few from her as well. I was dying to be her student. The thought made me tremble.

I tried to slow my breathing down, and was taking big gulps of air when she opened the door. Haltingly, I asked if I could "watch the movie" with her.

She tilted her head to one side and smiled. I entered the darkened room.

Michelle was walking away from me, and I realized if I didn't grab those inviting hips at once, the opportunity would be lost forever. I reached out and ran my hands over her firm buttocks. She stopped and turned slowly around. "Why Dick," she murmured, "I never knew you cared!"

I pulled her to me and ran my tongue around her lips. She melted against me and grabbed my tongue in her teeth, biting just hard enough to hurt and cause pleasure at the same time. When I pushed the hard lump in my pants against her crotch, she moaned, then grabbed my cock through the fabric and played a silent melody on it with her fingers.

The movie flickered eerily on the screen—a chart showing the female reproductive organs, accompanied by an authoritative male voice: "In order for conception to occur..."

I lost track of the movie, but I do remember the thrill as I slid my hands up Michelle's back, unzipped her blouse, then unclipped her bra and slipped both garments over her arms. Her big, firm breasts heaved up against my hands as I rolled her hard nipples between my fingers.

Michelle laughed quietly, pulled away from me and walked to the front of the classroom. (Fuck, it must be hard to be a student in her class, I thought!) She motioned for me to sit in her chair. When I did, she unhooked my pants and pulled them off. I glanced at the clock: We still had about a half-hour left for our scholastic orgy.

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While I sucked greedily on her tits, she ran her tongue sensuously up and down my hard, six-inch shaft, making little rotating movements at the head and then descending down to my balls. She lightly sucked one, then the other. They seemed to vibrate, and my dick aimed at outer space, ready for lift-off. I was about to come all over her face, but I held back when I felt the throbs begin, savoring each cock-tingling shiver of her tongue.

Hoisting herself up a little, she took me entirely into her mouth and down her throat. I arched my hips to meet the downward slide of her lips. As I groaned with pleasure, I could see the cartoon images of two people fucking on the movie screen. They moved from the missionary position to 69. I think the narrator was talking about the "infinite varieties of heterosexual lovemaking," or something like that. I couldn't help but grin.

After a few minutes of Michelle's expert sucking, I knew if I didn't do something, I was going to drown her in a bucket of cum. I gently lifted her head and motioned for her to stand. As she did, I turned her so she faced away from me, and bent her over her desk.

I pulled her skirt up ever so slowly, letting my fingers graze the insides of her smooth thighs. Was I surprised!

Drowning out the film's narrator, I heard her moan: "Oh, yes. Jam your cock in and fuck me hard!"

I couldn't believe it! I draped her skirt over her ass and slipped her pantyhose down to her knees. I just stared. There were her buns, white, molded, moonshaped, a thin, smooth crevice between them and then the strong columns of her legs, her hose riding atop her black-leather boots.

I drifted my hand up her legs again, casually letting my fingers brush her asshole and her pussy. She wiggled her ass at me, lifting her head like she was baying at the moon, her eyes closed in splendid concentration. So I pushed my finger into her fanny. Now both of us were wiggling. Popping my finger out, I hefted my cock up to her and pushed against the swollen lips of her cunt. "You're a little dry," I said.

She looked back at me and smiled. "There's hand cream in the top drawer."

I got the cream and lathered her up, carefully tweaking the stiff knob of her clit. She shuddered twice, distinctly, then came, dipping her knees slightly, the cartoon figures in the movie simulating the sex act over our heads.

Even before she was done, I was inside her, jamming my cock forward so hard I expected the desk to go careening across the linoleum floor, then pulling almost all the way out, inch by quivering inch. Each time I rammed her, she pushed her ass back to me so that we collided with wet slaps. I knew I couldn't hold off much longer and was about ready to cream her insides when she turned her head and very quietly commanded, "Stuff it up my ass."

I took some hand cream and smeared it across her asshole, inserting one, then two, then three fingers in her tight pucker. She stretched well, and each time I slipped in another finger, she whimpered like a little girl. Soon I eased my shaft in right up to my swollen balls.

She arched her back and came in a series of bucking spasms, and I could feel the walls of her ass grabbing my cock. I slowly moved in and out, being careful not to hurt her, and I knew this time I couldn't hold back. I shot off more fireworks than the local fire department on the Fourth of July.

Now when I catch Michelle walking down the hall, swinging that fabulous ass, I can't help but recall our first encounter and suppress a private smile. These days Michelle and I are much more comfortable fucking all over our brand-new apartment. Age may make no difference, but experience does. No more hots for my female students; I'll take a real teacher anytime.



Sensational porno films like DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES cost \$5 and up just to see once! Now, for less than a single theater admission you can own a full-length film with the same superstar performing every imaginable sex act for your private enjoyment. Not one, but eight films so controversial that we are not permitted to name them in advertising.

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□ NO. 2 BIG RIPOFF

He gets her into a room and she beats and tears at him as he rips off her panties, pushes her skirt up over her breasts and forces himself between her legs. Do her frantic hip movements change from panic to ecstasy as he presses her? Judge for yourself in this super-realistic film!

□ NO. 3 LEZ BE FRIENDS

Watch as the tortured girl's wild, sexual cravings inflame the nurse. The patient's fingers frantically caress her body until, in vividly photographed scenes, the young girl is finally calmed by her own climax at her nurse's skilled, loving hands

□ NO. 4 THE DEVIL IN HER

He tears off her blouse and bra until, her passions aroused, she tries to help him gain his love-goal. His frenzied thrusts and her groans are overheard by her mom & dad, and their sexual climax leads to a surprise ending.

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□ NO. 7 LEZ LESSON

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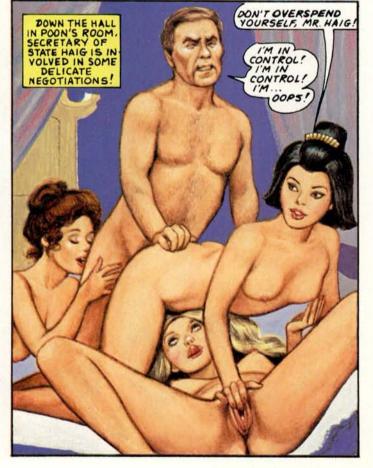






















Willed? Colling Stranger

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

SECRET SEDUCTION

It's a proven fact that "talking dirty" can turn on even the most proper of women. But up until now the problem has been to get an inhibited lady to sit still and listen to these sexy suggestions. An outfit called *Midwest Research Inc.* has come up with an amazing new product called "subliminal seduction tapes" that offers arousing messages hidden by the sound of music. And the best part about these tapes is that they're available by mail-order.

Most typical erotic audio cassettes have a man or woman saying things like, "Come on, baby, let's fuck our brains out." Yet all you can hear on Midwest's seduction tapes is music. Its "Mood" tape plays classical symphonies, and the "Popular" cassette features easy-listening tunes. The sexually stimulating conversation is there all right, but it's carefully covered up by the melodies.

Midwest Research works on the old notion that the mind is divided into two parts-the conscious and subconscious. The conscious mind thinks, feels and reasons; the subconscious mind takes in and stores vital information. Using techniques gleaned from major university studies, Midwest claims that by hiding a spoken word message beneath a musical interlude-thereby making it subliminal—you can bypass the conscious mind and plug in directly to the subconscious. With this method, the mind is reprogrammed to eliminate unwanted insecurities and to arouse inner sexual desires.

Seduction tapes are only one aspect of *Midwest Research*'s work. The company also sells tapes for overcoming fear, increasing memory, coping with stress, and more. In fact, *Midwest's* most popular selections are weight-loss and stop-smoking cassettes.

Lynn Stitz, vice-president of Midwest Research, stresses that although the seduction tapes will relay a lusty suggestion to a person without his or her even knowing it, they won't serve to seduce someone who doesn't want to be seduced.

"It can't make you do anything you don't want to do," he says. "The tape's message is directed toward improving self-image, attitudes toward sex and confidence in one's ability as a sexual partner. It's also aimed at the senses—touch, sight, etc.—as well as making the person listening more aware of his or her own sensuality."

If the idea of sending a secret sexual message to a potential lover appeals to you, or if you'd like to ease your own erotic hang-ups, perhaps a subliminal seduction tape is what you're looking for. Each tape is available for \$14.95 (tax included) and is approximately 25 minutes long. You can get them by sending a check or money order to: Midwest Research Inc. (1755 Williams Lake Rd., Pontiac, MI 48054). If you'd like a catalog of Midwest's complete tape selections, call (313) 666-1224.

WAITING FOR PORNO

I'm past 70 years old, and collecting explicit movies is a hobby of mine. About a month or two ago I sent \$50 to Color Film Company for eight reels of European hard-core flicks like "Suck Off Party" and "Perverted Housewives." Although my check came back canceled, all I got was a card, which I filled out and returned. Do you think I should call my attorney and file a lawsuit?

—T. B. A.

Consulting your attorney won't be necessary, as you will have received the films by the time you read this. We contacted the manager of Mailer Service, which owns Color Film Company, and he explained why your order took so long to complete.

Denison, Texas

Like a lot of mail-order companies these days, Mailer Service sends out an "authorization card" after receiving each order. In many cases in the past we've been critical of mail-order firms that send out certain kinds of "authorization cards," because they are often abused as come-ons for more money or phony promises for quicker delivery if you pay an extra fee (see Mail-Order Feedback, April 1981). But in this case,

the company was making sure that you actually ordered the items (rather than somebody else ordering in your name) and that you are 18 or older.

Along with the card, Mailer Service sends out a flier that outlines the firm's mailing procedures. If you had read the fine print, you would have noticed that the company uses fourth-class mailing rates—a cheaper way to send packages and, naturally, much slower than first-class. In addition, the flier states that all personal checks (like the one you sent to Color Film Company) require about four weeks to process. For obvious reasons, nothing was sent until the check cleared.

In the future, consider using postal money orders when purchasing items by mail. Most companies find them easier to cash than personal checks, and delivery will be speeded up.

ORGAN GRINDER

Recently I lost a Hyperemiator Organ Builder, which I'd been using for a few years. I can't remember where I originally ordered it from, and I've combed through piles of sex magazines hoping to find a similar item. No such luck. Could you put me in contact with a distributor or the manufacturer of this great item? —F. S. Chicago, Illinois

The Hyperemiator was put out by LifeStyle Products of Columbus, Ohio. LifeStyle went out of business years ago, and no other mail-order firm supplies the same gizmo, sorry to say. Frankly, however, we're surprised any cockamamie cock developer could deliver good results, because these are among the shadiest devices offered in the mail-order trade. Most of them are merely plastic cylinders or rubber sheaths that slip over your dick and become filled with air as you squeeze an attached pump. The intense air pressure "jerks off" the penis and induces an erection, thereby "enlarging" your organ. But, obviously, when you get a hard-on, your prick gets bigger.

Normal growth and proportion of the penis are governed solely by genetic factors, and there's no medical proof that any contraption can actually increase the dimensions of a flaccid wang. On the whole, it's not a good idea to spend your money on items that promise a stiffer, thicker dork. We heard of one guy who sent away for a penis enlarger, and all he got in return was a magnifying glass!

AND BORD BRIMAN

Swing Club

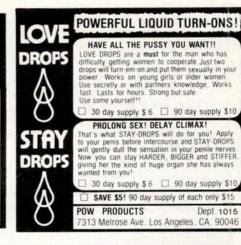
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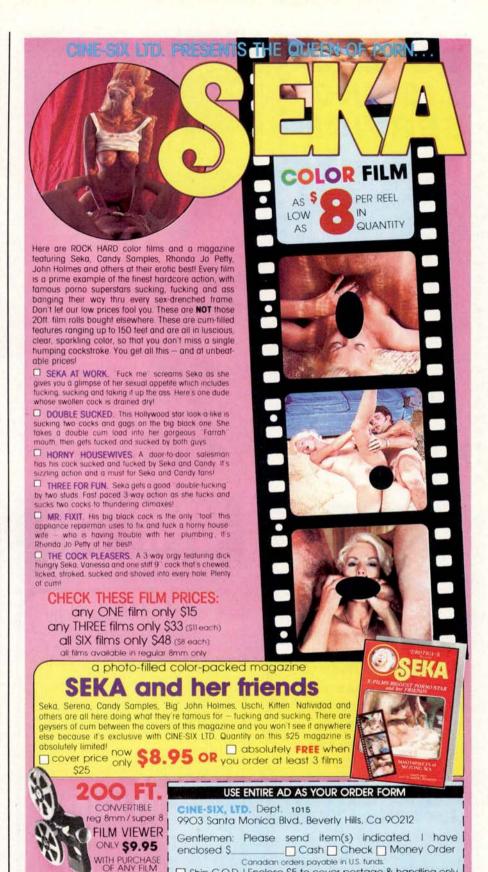


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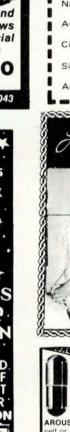
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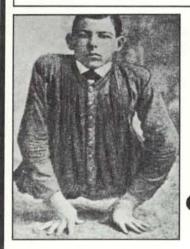
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ESCAPE FROM THE CITY

(continued from page 62)

custom gas tanks and seats modeled after the ones fitted to English and European bikes. The Japanese quickly picked up on some American riders' preference for the European road-racing look of short, straight handlebars, narrow gas tank, racing seat and a streamlined cowl extending back from the headlight. These bikes are usually labeled GPs or GTs by their manufacturers, and nicknamed "cafe racers."

In the late '70s the Japanese responded to the growing popularity of the "chopper" look pioneered by Hell's Angels-type gangs. They offered an extended front fork, upswept handlebars, skinny front tire, small-and-fat rear tire, fat gas tank, and a seat with a raised rearend. This look, distinctively macho and muscular, is called "cruiser" or "Ltd" style by the manufacturers.

Both 400cc and 450cc bikes are available in either racer or cruiser style. They are mounted on cast-alloy wheels, with double-disc brakes in front and a single-disc brake in back. The plain, economy models have a single-disc brake with a drum brake in back and the familiar wire-spoke wheels.

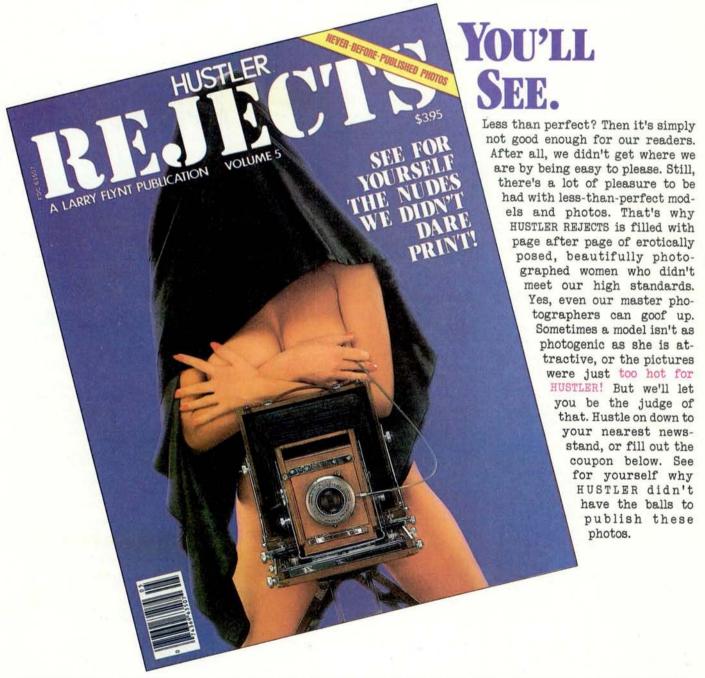
This class offers more excitement for the money than the thunderbikes up at the top of the ladder. A buyer gets performance without paying for it. Selling for approximately \$1,850, the 400s, 440s and 450s are considered so slow that they're not even marketed as fast bikes. Still, they turn quarter-miles in the 14-second range and hit 0 to 60 in under six seconds. The quickest \$15,000 Corvette automobile strains to get close to 15 seconds for the quarter-mile and wheezes up to 60 in over seven seconds.

It would be impressive enough to report that \$1,850 could buy a vehicle that easily outdoes the hottest street machines of a dozen years ago—with reliability, smoothness, grace and comfort, and without making an intolerable racket, throwing oil or wrecking a rider's clothes. But that's not all.

The market before the Japanese invasion was as limited as the bikes were primitive. Buyers got a choice of only one or maybe two models in each class. Now each of the Japanese Big Four offers three different versions of their 400/450s. These include a plain vanilla economy model; a deluxe road-racer version with extra-disc brakes, short handlebars and zoomy styling; and a deluxe cruiser style with disc-brake package, alloy wheels, low seat, skinny tank, fat rear tire with raised lettering, and high, swept-back handlebars.

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But the fun really begins with the 500cc/550cc class's market of previously unobtainable goodies. The model offerings in this group of 13-second quarter-mile machines—faster to 100 mph than such high-performance cars as the \$60,000 Porsche 930 Turbo, the \$85,000 Ferrari Boxer or the \$110,000 Lamborghini Countach—were exciting in 1981. For 1982 the array is as mind-bending as the \$2,500 price tag.

Foremost is the blazing new streamlined Honda CX-500 Turbo, a 77-horsepower rocket with air shocks front and rear, the new Pro-Link rear suspension, triple-disc brakes, water cooling, shaft drive and a windshield enclosure that looks like something out of *Star Wars*. Selling for around \$5,000, it should be able to run 12-second quarters and top 120 mph on a straightaway.

New from Yamaha is the 550 Vision—a water-cooled, double-overhead cam V-twin. Suzuki has gone for broke in the eye-grabbing appeal department with its new GS-550 MZ, which shares the outer-space look of the firm's 1000cc Katana. The more-traditional GT roadracing sector is carried on by Kawasaki's KZ-550 GP, Yamaha's 550 Seca and Suzuki's GS-550. All three come with cast-alloy wheels, six-speed gearboxes, transistorized ignition and air-adjustable front shocks.

For riders who prefer the cruiser to the cafe look, Yamaha offers the 550 Maxim, Kawasaki the 550 Ltd, and Suzuki the GS-550 LX. These machines boast the macho appearance that is currently the hottest-selling style in American motorcycling. Harley riders could justifiably say the style was ripped off from the look their bikes pioneered almost 20 years ago.

The same look is available on the next step up the ladder—the 650cc's. The nonturbocharged four-cylinder machines made by Honda, Suzuki and Kawasaki are heavier, more expensive and only a hair quicker than the 550s. But the Yamaha 650cc Seca Turbo (\$5,000) promises to be a performance match for most 1000s and even 1100s.

Big news in the 750cc group is the Yamaha Virago V-Twin and the Honda four-cylinder V-45 Sabre. The engines of both these machines are V-shaped when viewed from the side, and to a lot of people they look and sound like Harleys. After all, a V-twin is nothing if not Harley's trademark. The Virago boasts the mean-and-funky look of a Harley Sportster and gets the same kind of low-down exhaust rumble and slow-revving power that's made the big Harley twins so popular for so long.

The Honda V-45 Sabre puts four cylinders to work in the V configuration used for Grand Prix-racing motorcycles.

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Like the Virago, the Sabre delivers its power with damn near sewing-machine smoothness and the quiet cleanliness of shaft drive. The latter rotates like the drive shaft of a car as opposed to the chain drive utilized by most cycles.

The Virago might seem like a backward step for the Japanese motorcycle industry, since its astonishing domination of the U.S. market came about largely through engineering and technological innovations that American and British manufacturers had ignored. But the four-cylinder 750s deliver horsepower far more quietly and smoothly than the bigger Harley twins. The only thing lacking is the beloved Harley feeling of raw, gutsy, rumbling power that comes from the explosions of massive cylinders, enabling the rider to leave his bike in top gear, roll the throttle and pull out and pass just about anything in sight.

That kind of power has gotten very expensive in the 1980s. The cheapest Harley twin—the Sportster XL 1000—lists at about \$4,000. The venerable Harley hogs—the FL cruisers—go for closer to \$8,000, a lot of money for two wheels. Nevertheless, Harley has never ended a model year with unsold bikes. Chrysler, GM and Ford should only be able to make the same claim!

The next step up is the 850cc class. But with prices and weights at the heavy end of the scale, it pales next to the 900s and 1000s. Again, Yamaha makes a beefier version of the 750 V-Twin Virago—the XV 920. Honda's entry is the CB 900C, quicker than all but the 1100s, and a bargain at \$3,600.

In the learned opinion of both Cycle Guide and Cycle World magazines, the Suzuki GS-1100 is the most outstanding superbike currently available, simply because it does more better and faster than any other machine. Specifically, it's got more power and better handling than any competitor. Besides being incredibly swift, the GS-1100 is easy to operate in traffic at normal speeds and will deliver 50 miles per gallon if the rider restrains his throttle hand.

The one element it and other GS-series bikes previously lacked was the dramatic, flashy styling of competitors like the Kawasaki KZ-1100 GPZ. Suzuki has taken care of that with the flamboyant GP-racer styling of its new Katana 1000—a superb road-racing machine for the serious two-wheeler speed freak. With its short handlebars, rear-mounted foot pegs and racing-style seat, the Katana is oriented toward the same rider as the Kawasaki KZ-1100 GPZ—the person who not only wants a bike that rides fast and hard, but one that looks like it's made for riding fast and hard.

A couple of years back the Yamaha four-cylinder XS-11 was King of the Superbikes. No longer. Things change fast in this category. But all of the bikes are as durable as anything that's ever been sold for private motoring. They can be flogged, cruised or punished, and they still will keep running. The 1100s always start, and they won't heat up in slow-moving traffic.

The Honda CBX six-cylinder, like the Yamaha XS-11, is a former contender in the superbike speed wars. It has been redirected into the ultimate in terms of power and luxury for long-distance traveling and highway cruising. Honda had already taken title to the long-distancetravel category with the phenomenally successful Gold Wing Interstate 1000a flat-four-cylinder, water-cooled machine that delivers power so quietly and smoothly, it's hard to tell whether the engine is running. The same bike will sit up and turn a 12.50-second quartermile. Yet Honda still put the sixcylinder CBX in the same market.

Eventually Kawasaki launched its most sophisticated offering in this category, the KZ-1300 water-cooled six. If you ever wanted a touring motorcycle powerful enough to haul a house trailer around a racetrack at competitive speeds, the KZ-1300 is your bike. It's the kind of machine you'd think might take an engineer and a flight crew to operate, but it will respond like a rocket when you twist the throttle. For only \$5,000, the KZ-1300 is the King Kong of motorcycles—the biggest and the strongest, if not the fastest.

Then there's the BMW, a vehicle similar to the Harley-Davidson in its cultlike hold on enthusiasts. Both offer obsolete technology at extremely high pricesmore money for less performance. BMW owners appreciate the refinement of several decades of polishing and refining the engine, which was designed in the 1930s. A well-setup BMW R-100RS will set back a buyer more than \$7,000 and deliver significantly less performance than a Japanese 750 that costs half as much. But that doesn't dissuade BMW lovers. They consider themselves connoisseurs, and their machines gemlike perfections of technology.

As for Triumph, when its 1980 edition failed to meet EPA standards, the bike was sold instead as a 1979 model. Now that Triumph's 1981 and 1982 machines are readily available, parts and service remain haphazard at best.

If BMW, the Harley V-Twin and Triumph are very much machines of the past, what's coming in the future? There's talk of a slick new machine from Harley-Davidson—a V-Four with four cylinders in the familiar configuration, an engine design that has been successfully used on the Grand Prix motorcycle-racing circuit. The V-Four could

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Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie . I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you over-

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie . That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, but already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis can be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

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Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and its safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!

Mr. Stud: There really is hope for "small" men!

Annie: You bet there is. So much so that we're offering it to men with an unconditional money-back guarantee. Even though some men may take longer to achieve results than others, and even though some users might not follow directions carefully enough, we guarantee that if a man doesn't get the results he expects, or doesn't get the improvement he needs in 30 days, he can return the SUPER PUMP for a prompt and full refund, no questions asked.

Mr. Stud: Sounds like a "Can't lose" offer to me, Annie . What does it cost, and how can a man get it?

Annle: Simple! He can write to the address below and send a check or money order for \$39.95 plus postage and handling. We mail the SUPER PUMP in a plain wrapper. He can even charge it on Mastercharge or Visa, and we will ship the SUPER PUMP with complete instructions immediately.

Mr. Stud: With an offer like this, backed by a money-back guarantee, every small man owes it to himself to try the JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP. And once they start to get results, their self confidence and ability to satisfy women will naturally start to go up. And with changes like that, he's got to score.





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The Yamaha 650 Seca Turbo and the Honda CX-500 Turbo are likely to be the first of many turbocharged twin- and four-cylinder bikes in the midsize category—500cc to 750cc—where major sales activity is concentrated. Manufacturers will continue to get more from less, making superbikes out of middleweights to accommodate a clear market preference for the less-formidable weight class.

The Turbo bikes are considerably more expensive than their nonturbosize classmates. But they deliver the performance of bigger, heavier, more-expensive bikes, without using so much fuel.

A standard feature on the Kawasaki KZ-1100 GP is fuel injection, a more-efficient way of delivering gasoline to the engine than carburetors. Expect to see it on other future models, along with microprocessing chips in electronic, computer-mode ignition systems; computer-programmed antiknock spark curves; antiskid devices for brake systems; lighter and more-sophisticated components; and improved handling.

Don't anticipate a radical shift in the nation's transportation habits, even with the technology boom and the high advantage in fuel economy that favors bikes. Americans love cars, viewing them as a virtual birthright. Past gasguzzlers such as the Chevy Impala, Pontiac Bonneville, Olds 98, Chrysler 300 and Lincoln Continental attest to our lust for four-wheeling in style.

But as cars get smaller, slower, more fuel-efficient and more boring, the romance seems to be fading from the automotive scene—except for exotic cars that cost almost as much as real estate. It's just the opposite with bikes. The current motorcycle population in the United States, with sales of around 2.4 million in 1980, is pushing the 7-million mark.

Their growing numbers on the road and astonishing level of sophistication underscore the new respectability of motorcycles. People no longer give you dirty looks because you're on a bike. In fact, the motorcycle rider whizzing past a row of lookalike, gas-miser four-wheelers is more likely to get looks of envy than scowls of disapproval.

Although operating a motorcycle clearly demands more concentration, effort and awareness than it does for driving a car, in the long run it's worth it. High-performance bikes, even the small ones, make speed so accessible that it's almost impossible not to experience and enjoy it. They wake you up and make you more alert and alive. You're merely riding in a car when you're barreling down a highway. On a bike, you're really driving.

PROFILE: TED NUGENT

(continued from page 56)

NUGENT: You might say that. Up until I was 28, my life was centered 100% around rock 'n' roll. There was no family, no real relationship with my wife, no hunting and fishing, no four-wheel drives, no guns. I was so overwhelmed by the business that I was actually a victim of my profession. Day and night it was rock 'n' roll: traveling to gigs, a different city every night, rehearsals, writing, playing, jamming, new strings, new speakers, tryin' out new songs, tours, pussy, louder amps, better equipment, more pussy-all the things that go along with achieving stardom and hanging on to it.

Then I started realizing there were other things in life. I got into the outdoors and camped out a lot. I began taking guns and fishing poles with me on the road so I could go hunting and fishing on a day off. My priorities changed—and so did my outlook on life. I'm a big boy now. Between my minks and my horses and my agriculture operations and the hotel and apartments and all that bullshit, I could lay down my guitar tomorrow.

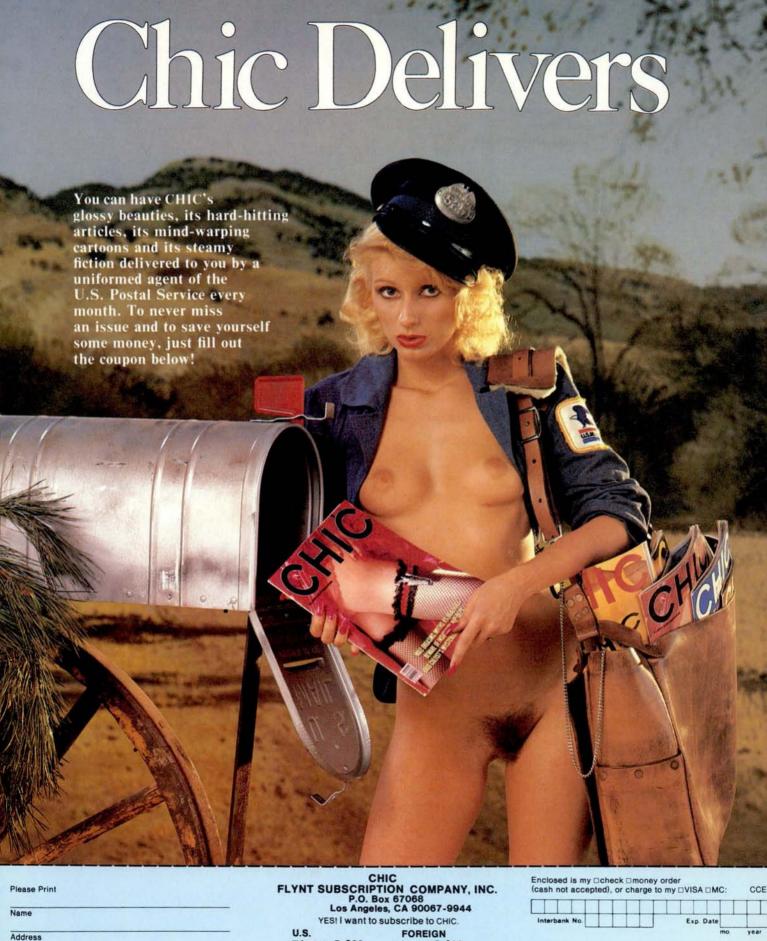
I could also sell spare ammo for the next 20 years and survive. But there's no way that'll happen because I'm just having too much fun. Like I say in my song "Stranglehold": "Sometimes you want to get higher/Sometimes you got to start low/Some people say you gotta die some day/I got news you never gotta go."

HUSTLER: What special wisdom have

HUSTLER: What special wisdom have you accumulated that others might find beneficial?

NUGENT: For one thing, there are certain requirements you have to go through before you can accomplish anything—like kicking ass and slugging it out with adversity. Success depends on just how efficient your slugging is. I went after my success with a vengeance. I practiced like a dog for it. I stayed straight, on the ball, perceptive and aggressive. And it worked. Follow those principles, and life is a fucking breeze.

If you want some more wisdom, I'll leave you with a couple of lines from one of my songs, "Good Friends and a Bottle of Wine": "It's true that life has its moments/They're sometimes up and sometimes down/Identify your opponents/Then gather all your good friends around." Now those are words to live by.



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NAZI VS. JEW: THE RISING VIOLENCE-"For every white maimed by the Jewish Defense League, we'll get ten Jews," including a "school bus full of Jewish kids," vows American Nazi Michael Canale. "Get a gun," retaliates JDL Executive Director Irv Rubin. whose group has set up weaponstraining for Jews as young as 12. The recent dramatic increase of burned synagogues and other anti-Jew violence makes this call to arms no idle threat. HUSTLER's Glenn Hunter met with both leaders to unveil the battle plans in this bitter clash of faith.

BENDECTIN: A BITTER PILL FOR WOMEN—Missing limbs, caved-in chests and faulty hearts are birth defects linked to a contro-

versial drug prescribed to millions of pregnant women. Why hasn't this suspected monster-forming formula been banned? Read Lee Quarnstrom's report on a money-hungry company sacrificing human life for profit.

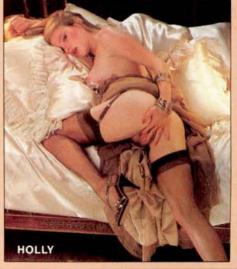
ORAL SEX—Think you're a hot lover? You haven't begun to master the secret to a woman's pleasure until you eavesdrop on four special ladies who talk intimately and tell you everything you always wanted to know about cunnilingus. Get down to the nitty-gritty with HUSTLER's lesson in love.

DEATH AND THE DETECTIVE—There are no clues in a bloody series of "ski mask" holdups until a mysterious informant tips off Detective John Hurley to the next heist. Will Hurley's beautiful girlfriend and sensuous

doctor be able to save him? Sit tight as black-hooded bandits stalk their target to the death in D. S. Bradford's fiction.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll find our centerfold HOLLY's A TIGER IN BED. After a romp in the woods with YE MERRY OLDE LAY, try settling down with IVY: RESTLESS NIGHTS. And to top things off, you'll see why we're sure LYNN was MADE IN HEAVEN.

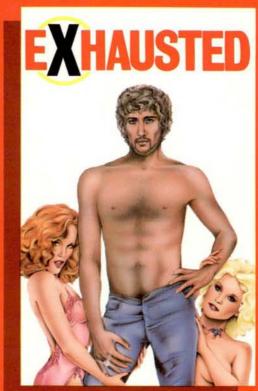
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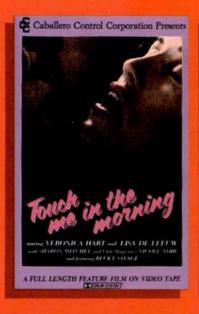
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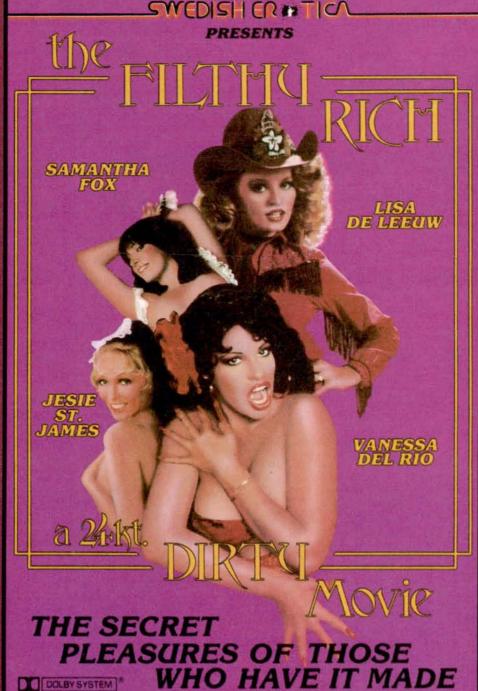
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